ROYAL MASTER;

As it was Acted in the new Theater in *Dublin*;

AND

Before the Right Honorable the Lord Deputy and *Council* at the Castle.

Written by [illegible]

THE

ROYAL

MASTER;

An Opera in three Acts.

AND

By the Right Honourable the Lord

07-897

To the Right Honorable, GEORGE Earle of *Kildare*, Baron of *Ophalie*, and Primier Earle of the Kingdome of *Ireland*.

My Lord,

IT was my happineſſe being a ſtranger in this kingdome, to kiſſe your Lordſhips hands, to which your nobleneſſe, and my owne ambition encourag'd me, nor was it without juſtiice to your name, to tender the firſt fruits of my obſervance to your Lordſhip, whom this Iſland acknowledgeth her firſt native Ornament and top branch of Honour. Be pleaſed now my moſt honorable Lord, ſince my Affaires in *England* haſten my departure, and prevent my perſonall atten-

dance, that ſomething of me may be honourd to waite upon you in my abſence, this Poeme, tis new, and never yet perſonated, but expected with the firſt, when the Engliſh Stage ſhall bee recovered from her long ſilence, and her now languiſhing ſcene changed into a welcome returne of wits and men. And when by the favour of the winds and Sea, I ſalute my Country againe, I ſhall report a ſtory of the *Iriſh* honour, and hold my ſelfe not meanely fortunate to have beene written and receiv'd

The humbleſt of your

Lordſhips ſervants.

IAMES SHIRLEY.

To my Ingenious Friend, *James Shirley*, upon his *Royall Master*.

AS a rich gemme enchac'd in gold affords
More radiant lustre to the gazers eye
Inprison'd so, within it selfe it hoords
Upall the beamy treasures of the skie,
Beames loose reflex on bodies diaphane
But cast on solids they rebound againe.
So would thy lines my Friend in paper pent
Contract the whole applauses of the age,
But should they a neglected ornament
Be soly made the study of the Stage,
They might like water in the Sunshine set
Retaine his image, not impart his heate.
Then Print thy Poem Shirley, *'twere a fault*
To dungion this instructive peece of thine,
Had the Sunnes Spheare beene made a thicke rib'd vault,
We had receiv'd no influence from his shine;
Thou shouldst die traitour to succeeding times,
And thy best vertues prove but splendid crimes.

IAMES MERVYN.

On Mr. *James Shirley's* Royall Master.

SVch curious eyes as in a Poeme looke
For the most part, doe finde the printed booke
With verses frontispic'd, to shew their wit
In praise of the authors which occasions it.

And I have seene some peeces, that have stood
In needs of witnesses to prove them good.
This Poets skill is here so clearely showne
In offering light to his they dimme their owne,
For all that with unsquinted eyes shall see
This well limb'd peece of polish'd poesie,
In justice to themselves must needes confesse
Friends cannot adde, nor envie make it lesse.

FRA: BVTLER.

VPon Mr. *James Shirley* his Comedy, cal'd *The Royall Master.*

VV*Hen* Spencer *reign'd sole Prince of Poets here,*
As by his Fairy Queene doth well appeare
There was not one so blind, so bold a Bard,
So ignorantly proud or foolish-hard
To encounter his sweete Muse; for Phœbus *vow'd*
A sharpe revenge on him should be so proud;
And when my Shirley from the Albion shore
Comes laden with the Muses, all their store
Transferres to Dublin, *full* Parnassus *brings,*
And all the riches of Castalian *Springs;*
Shall we not welcome him with our just votes?
And shall we doo't with harsh and envious notes?
No no, Thalia, *Envy shall not sit*
So high above our judgement, and our wit,
As not to give just merit his due praise,
And crowne thy Poet with deserved Bayes.
Shirley *stand forth, and put thy Lawrell on,*
Phœbus *next heire, now* Ben *is dead and gone,*
Truly legitimate, Ireland *is so just*
To say, you rise the Phenix of his dust,
And since thy Royall Master *won so much*
On each Iudicious, and hath stood the touch,

'Tis

T'is fit he should be more then private, when
He weares two Crownes, their votes, and thy smooth penne.

DRV. COOPER.

On the *Royall Master*, to his Friend the Author.

SMooth and unsullied lines, keepe on your way,
From envies Ioss'le free, a cleare ey'd day
Smiles on your triumph; onely thus to blame,
Too lavish is your sacrifice to fame.
Lesse of such perfume, to succeeding age,
The dead would sweeten, and enbalme the Stage;
Here is a pile of incense, every line
Heapes on fresh Narde, your Muse cannot decline
To intermissions, some leave hills, by turnes
Flame, and expire his Etna ever burnes.

RIC. BELLING.

To my deserving Friend Mr. *James Shirley* on his *Royall Master*.

I *Like some petty Brooke scarse worth a name,*
Must yet pay tribute to thy full-streamd fame,
But Ile not strive, (as men sometimes) to raise
An uncouth structure to thy merits praise
From others ruines, thy just minde will scorne
To owne Encomiums so basely borne.
Therefore I write, what may become my free
Acknowledgment, and fit thy modestie.

Thy

Thy Muſe I honor'd, ere I knew by ſight
Thy perſon: oft I've ſeene with much delight
Thy ſweete compoſures: but this laſt, and new
Smooth peece (which here hath grac'd the publicke view)
Claimes more regard; I give to all the reſt
Their faire deſert, but ranke this with thy beſt.

T. I.

To his much eſteemed Friend Mr. *James Shirley*, on his *Royall Maſter*.

YOu who the readers are of the choice wit,
And have the leading voice in cenſuring it,
Whoſe votes Grand-jurors are, and onely have
The well knowne power either to kill or ſave,
Give this a noble greeting, and its due,
May *Phœbus* elſe, withdraw his beames from you.
My worthy Friend, this Play 'oth publicke Stage
Hath gain'd ſuch faire applauſe, as't did engage
A nation to thy Muſe, where thou ſhalt raigne
Vicegerent to *Apollo*, who doth daigne
(His darling Ben deceaſed) thou ſhould'ſt be
Declar'd the heire apparant to his tree.

W. MARKHAM.

To the Honour'd Author of the *Royall Maſter*.

DEare Friend I joy my love hath found the meanes
To waite upon, and vindicate thy ſcenes
From ſome few ſcruples of the weaker ſex,
Whoſe nicer thoughts their female minds perplex.

(For

(For man he sinkes if he but censure none
Dare deprave Kings Inauguration)
Say they, what makes the King in his dispose
So Icy-temperd, as he frankly throwes
Freedome on all except himselfe? contrives
The way for other men to purchase wives?
Takes joy to forward propagation,
By Nuptiall knot, yet to himselfe ties none?
Prettie poore fooles, and Virgins! how you'r kind
(Vulgarlike) are in apprehension blind;
Come reade, you'le see when you this peece peruse
The Royall Masters *Spouse is* Shirlies *Muse;*
Why then to him, and her, an altar raise,
Tapers are set, flaming with equall praise
See, see, his Genius *gracefully doth bend*
To the just vote of every loving friend;
The elevated Circle is upheld
Betwixt the binall Cherubs palmes, beheld
By all judicious eyes; the heart, the voice
Of all ingenious doe applaud the choice
Of your great Royall Master, *sly, they've found*
Two Monarkes *with one glorious* Laurell *crownd.*

W. SMITH.

To his worthy Friend the Author.

ALL these thy friends subscribing to thy praise
And faire deservings, have done well, 'twill raise
Opinion in the readers, and engage
Them to peruse, what wee saw on the Stage.
If knowing ones, their judgement thus will be
The Commendation's short, the Comedy
Speakes better for it selfe, more home; but yet
My vote must goe, I say no purer wit

Did ever grace the scēne, nay it hath in't
Expressions of so new, and rich a Mint,
That the old Poets well might wish the name
Of this new Play were added to their fame.

IOHN OGLEBYE.

To the much honoured, *Iames Shirley* upon his *Royall Master*.

LEt no man thinke, I hither coldly came
On purpose to commend, or to seeke fame
By this impression, that the world may say,
What is this *Iackson* that commends the play?
Though tis a grace, to stand as Courtiers vse
To usher in the reader to thy Muse,
Yet by the way, Ile tell him I have read
The Lawes of *Flaccus* with a serious head,
And that according to those statutes there
(Never to be repeal'd) thy Poems are.
Thy discreete stile is elegantly plaine,
In Sock and Buskin, proper to each veine
Of Time, Place, Person, and that all thy wit
Is not by chance but regularly writ;
Nor doth aboue gall the Theater, we may
Be acted every man, yet see thy Play
Invisible, so curious is thy Pen
Which can at once, wound heale, and better men,
Therefore will I hereafter cease to mourne:
For those great wits, commended to the Vrne,
And if 't be true, that transmigrations be
They are in *Shirley* all, for ought I see.

IOHN IACSON.

On

On M. *James Shirley* his *Royall Maſter.*

THere are ſome men doe hold, there is a place
Cal'd Limbus Patrum, *if ſuch have the grace*
To wave that Schiſme, and Poëtarum ſaid
They of that faith had me a member made,
That Limbus *I could have beleev'd thy braine*
Where Beamont, Fletcher, Shakeſpeare, *& a traine*
Of glorious Poets in their active heate
Move in that Orbe, as in their former ſeate.
When thou began'ſt to give thy Maſter life,
Me thought I ſaw them all, with friendly ſtrife
Each caſting in his doſe, Beamont *his weight,*
Shakeſpeare *his mirth, and* Fletcher *his conceit,*
With many more ingredients, with thy skill
So ſweetely tempered, that the envious quill
And tongue of Critricks muſt both write and ſay,
They never yet beheld a ſmoother Play.

IAMES MERVYN.

JAMES MERRYN.

THE FISRT ACT.

Enter King of Naples, the Duke of Florence, Montalto, Octavio, Riviero, Andrugio, Guido, Aloigio, Alexio.

Duke *King* Are great in all that's good,
You shew the bounty
Of your opinion; my extent in all things
Is but to bid you welcome; you had a sister,
The envy of the Angels whilst she lived
Our Queene, now made their blest companion;
Should wee exempt those faire deserts dwell in you,
So much we owe her memory.

Duke Pray no more.

Rivi. We must not be too open, truest friend,
Thy bosome is my Sanctuary.

Andr. When it leaves
To be Religious for thy safety, may it
By an angry flame from heaven, be turnd to ashes.

Duke Your nature is too soft; let not the mention
Of her that was my sister, and your Queene
Beget another sigh; she was long since blest,

Ceſaria is in heaven; we are met for joyes;
You were not framed to be her Monument;
Sleepe let her aſhes in the urne, conteines 'em.

King. Tha done.

Enter Theodoſia, Ladies.

Duke. Your ſiſter.

King. Is all the treaſure
Is left me ſir, but cannot be too rich
For your acceptance.

Duke. All my wealth is ſumm'd
When ſhee does ſmile upon me, and her Character
In the full glory, when ſhee's nam'de your ſiſter;
Are you not weary of a gueſt deare Madam?
Am I ſtill welcome?

Theo. Sir wee are
All honour'd in your preſence; and though not high
To your merit, yet your entertainement is,
As full of love, as nature can expreſſe
To a twin brother, more I dare preſume,
You ſhall accuſe your ſelfe, if you be leſſe,
A Prince in *Naples* by free uſe of power,
Then your owne *Florence*.

Duke. Madam you muſt be
Leſſe faire, and powerfull in tongue, if you
Expect I ſhould be ſtill a Prince; and yet
My ambition will be high, and glorious
Enough to be receiv'd your Graces ſervant;
For whom I ſhould account my age no travell,
To have my pilgrimage rewarded with
Your faire eyes Madam, able to create
Another life and ſpirit in old Nature.

King. How does *Montalto* like the *Duke*?

Montal. Sir, *Naples* cannot ſtudy an addition
Of fame, beyond what this alliance will
Deſerve in future ſtory; the exceſſe
Of what is good, nay excellent in him
Would ſtocke a barren Province.

King. Tis our happineſſe.

Monta. But 'tis not mine; for though I thus disguise
My face, and tongue, my heart is my owne friend,
And cannot wish my ambition supplanted
By any smooth chin'd Prince alive; my Lords—

Andr. Look how they flock, and fawne upon his greatnes;
These are his creatures, by his power plac'd
So neare about the King, he can heare nothing
Of his great favorite, but what their flattery
And partiall tongues convey into his eare.

Rivi. Pitty so sweete a nature as the Kings
Should be abus'd by Parasites; but I may
In time dissolve these court mists, that so long
Have hung upon't, and render the Kings eyes
Free to distinguish objects, if there be
No witchcraft exercis'd upon his senses,

1 *Lady.* My Lord you are very pleasant.

Octav. Is it not
Becomming the discretion of a young
Courtier to observe times and methods; and when Madam
Are you for this match?

1 *Lady.* What my Lord?

Octav. You wod not
Be sad at heart, to sleepe with such a bedfellow
As the Duke is?

2 *Lady.* How my Lord?

Octav. Provided
Matrimony were not farre off; yet without it
There are some Ladies, would excuse their modestie,
And meete and thinke their fate at all adventures,
If no worse man would make their husband of
The honorable order of the night-cap.

1 *Lady.* When will you marry my Lord?

Octav. I am young;
Yet when I am ripe to grapple with a maidenhead,
The Lord *Montalto* the great Court Patron,
Will helpe me to a wife.

2 *Lady.* You are bound to his Lordship.

Octav. And so I am Madam, if you knew all;

I have many obligations to his honour,
But there is one writ here, whose memory
Will keepe my soule awake.

King. *Andrugio* —

Guido. I doe not like their conference.

Mont. 'Las he has no imployment in the state;
He waites like a dull cipher, and I have
My spies upon him; if I finde him busie,
My power with the king shall soone transplant him,
Or force him like *Riviera* his old friend,
But of more braine and faction, to give up
His ghost abroad.

Aloi. 'Twas fit for your owne safety.

Monta. This is an honest easy Nobleman,
Allowed to weare some Court formallity;
Walke on the tarres, picke his teeth, and stroake
Vpon a festivall some golden sentence
Out of his beard, for which the guard admire him,
And cry him up a Statesman; hee's sent off
When he is troublesome to a phlegmaticke clime
A dull Embassadour; no, that Duke, *Guido*,
Is all my feare, but I have contrived something
May rectifie my fate.

Duke. How much you honour me;
But you might spare all other entertainements
And bravery of Court; they may affect
My eyes with wonder, and obliege my just
Acknowledgement, but all their glorie's met
Into one height, hold no proportion
To inflame my heart, or more expresse my welcome
Then this your free grace Madam, and those hopes
That blesse my imagination from your favour.

Theo. I am but what my brothers love, and vertue
Will make me; but there's nothing that can move
With his consent, I shannot flie to obey.

Mont. I had rather feede upon his heart;
You promis'd Sir the Duke to hunt this morning.

King. I had forgot; will you be pleas'd to try

The pleaſures of a Forreſt.

Duke. Ile attend.

King. *Theodoſia*, you are not for that exercīſe

Guido. *whiſpers and ſends Guido off.*

Theo. I wiſh all pleaſures waite upon you;
My heart muſt covet your returne.

Duke. And mine,
To dwell for ever in ſo faire a boſomē.

King. To horſe; the morning waſts.

Mon. Some policie
Muſt cure this feare; my bold reſolves are fixt;
I have made ſome attempts, and courted her,
But ſhee his not underſtood me; I muſt worke
By countermine and ſcatter into aire
His ſwelling hopes: *Octavio*---- *Exit.*

Octav. My good Lord.

Andr. Sir I preſent this Gentlēman to kiſſe
Your hand; hee's the Dukes ſecretary, a *Roman*
Borne, and has a great ambition
To be knowne to you for your fathers ſake,
With whom he did converſe in *Rome*, and honour,
Till death concluded their acquaintance.

Octav. Sir,
Your love, and knowledge of my father will
Deſerve you ſhould be welcome to his ſonne.

Rivi. He made me his companion many yeares;
No brothers were more chain'd in their affections.
He did impart much of his boſome to me.

Octav. You knew why he left *Naples*? (circumſtance

Rivi. He did truſt me, with the cauſe my Lord, and every
The Kings minoritie, and *Montaltoes* power,
Gainſt which no innocent could plead in *Naples*.

Andr. Not to loud Sir; you may be heard.

Rivi. Your pardon. *Octav.* Why ſhould truth
Faint at the name of greatneſſe? this *Coloſſus*
Montalto is but mortall ſure; time has
Forgot to uſe his wings, or nature is
Vnwilling I ſhould grow to write full man,

To take revenge upon that polititian,
Our Protean favourite.
Rivi. It is my wonder
The King so strangely should continue this
Affection to *Montalto.*
Octav. There's some magicke in't.
Rivi. Dare none complaine.
Andr. His engines are so plac'd
None can approach the kings eare, at which hang
So many flatterers to infect it with
Montaltoes praise.
Rivi. Pray give me sir this boldnesse;
Hee that doth lift an Axe to strike the roote
Of any family, cannot be without
A thought to wound the branches; you were left
By computation, but an Infant when
Your fathers discontents, and faction of
This *Montalto* made him forsake *Naples,*
Which added to your mothers death, the guard
And comforts of your life, were taken from you;
Having exprest this malice to your father,
A thousand wayes he might have sent you to
Another world, and taken off all feare
Of a revenge; how comes it that you live,
And visit Sir the Pallace with this freedome?
Octav. My Lord *Andrugios* knowledge of yon Sir.
Is my assurance of your faith.
Andr. Ile give
You reasons at some opportunity,
Not to repent your confidence.
Octav. You have
Supplied my father in your care of me.
I live? why I am this great Lords favorite,
Courted, his creatures are my honours
Companion to his pleasures.
Rivi. I observ'd
Some gestures very loving to your Lordship.
Octav. The King himselfe for his sake gracing me.

With

With title of his bed-chamber.
Rivi. Tis ſtange;
This newes will coole my reſolution.
Andr. Tis truth he doth ingage him to all favours.
Rivi. Tis not impoſſible he may be honeſt.
Octa. And meane ſo;but my ſoule cannot be brib'd
So eaſily to proſtrate my owne juſtice
And leave my fathers aſhes unreveng'd
Which in my eare groane from beneath the Marble
To keepe my thoughts awake.
Andr. We may ſuſpect
This is to catch applauſe a tricke to winne
Vpon the people who did love *Riviero*
And mourne his fate.
Octav. How ever I have art
To keepe my breaſt cloſe,and accept his flatteries,
Can complement,and with officious bend
Thanke his high favours, weare a face of mirth
And prattle with the Ladies as if all
The buſineſſe I came into the world for,
Were but to talke and dance, and goe a feaſting.
Rivi. I muſt preſume, you want no counſell from
My Lord who loved your father,how to manage
Your ſelfe to beſt advantage of your fame
And honour;unto both I am a ſervant.
Andr. My Lord *Montalto* may expect you Sir.
Rivi. It is not ſafe,we be obſerv'd too much.
Octav. My Lord you have begun a favour by
The acquaintance of this Gentleman;I will
Hope to ſalute him often by your meanes;
You ſhall not meete a heart more prompt to bid
You welcome Sir,
Rivi. You too much grace your ſervant;
I ſhall preſent a trouble.
Octav. Come my Lord. *Exit.*
Rivi. *Montaltoes* change hath ſtaggard me alreadys;
Theſe favours may be hearty to *Octavio*,
And argument of penitence;Ile obſerve

And sift his close heart; if it prove unsound,
He whets revenge to make the deeper wound *Exit.*

Enter Guido, Bombo.

Guid. I would speake with your Lady Sir.
Bom. You may.
Guid. Direct me.
Bom. With which of my Ladies.
Guid. With both, or one.
Bom. I serve the daughter.
Guid. I would speake with her.
Bom. Shee is — I know not where.
Guid. What Coxcombe's this.

Enter Iacamo.

Guid. Dost heare friend, I would speake with my Lady *Simphorosa.*
Iacam. This way and please your Lordship.
Guid. Stay preethee what fellowe's that?
Iacam. A servant of my Ladies.
Guid. Is he mad?
Iaca. A little phantasticke, but very harmelesse,
And makes my Ladies merry; my young Madam
Domitilla calls him her secretary for sport;
And wonder of his good parts.
Guid. What are they?
Iaca. He can neither write nor reade,
Guid. An excellent Secretary.
Iaca. But he has beene much given to 't,
To reading, till much poring night and day
Made him booke blinde, and defying spectacles,
He walkes and thinkes he is wise, and talkes upon
His old stocke.
Guid. Preethe acquaint my Lady; ith meane time
Ile have more dialogue with him;
Save you Sir.
Bom. Save your selfe Sir; you are I tak't a Courtier.
Guid. And you my Ladies Secretary.
Bom. I am so.
Guid. I heare you are an understanding Secretary.

Bom.

Bom. Tis so, I am; how came you by that knowledge?
Guid. We have your fame at Court Sir.
Bom. Can you reade?
Guid. I heare you cannot.
Bom. Right.
Guid. Nor write.
Bom. Tis true.
Guid. What make you with a booke? ha this is *Euclid*.
Bom. *Euclid*; it may be so.
Guid. Why these are Mathematickes.
Bom. I have a Chest full of them in my custody;
They were my old Lords, gray when I tooke charge on 'em
But now looke spruce and young; there's something in 'em.
Gu. What in the name of ignorance dost thou doe with 'em.
Bom. I am excellent at turning over leaves,
By which I keepe the wormes away.
Guid. Most learnedly.
Bom. I learnt it of my Ladies Chaplaine Sir;
Men are not alwayes bound to understand
Their Library; but to omit learning,
Not now consider'd by wise men, what is
Your businesse here I pray?
Guid. It does concerne
Your selfe; the King has heard of your good parts.
Bom. Sir, as you love me say you saw me not;
I knew I should one time or other be
Found out for state imployments; heer's my Lady.
Enter Simphorosa, Domitilla.
I must obscure my selfe.
Domit. Why how now Secretary,
Whether so fast.
Bom. You little thinke.
Domit. What prethe.
Bom. Nor ever would beleeve; but tis not my fault
If the King come in person, Ile not be seene.
Domit. The King.
Bom. Few words; there's one I know him not
Is little better then a spy upon me;

If you looke not to me I am gone. *Exit.*

Domit. So it ſeemes.

Simp. How? dine to day with us.

Guid. Such is his royall pleaſure;
He is now hunting with the Duke, whom he
Intends to make your gueſt too.

Simp. My Lord I am not us'd to entertainements,
Nor is my houſe fit for ſo great a preſence;
To avoide a ſtorme they might obey
Neceſſity, and take it for ſome ſhelter,
But in ſo calme a day.

Guid. Madam although
You pleaſe to undervalew what's your owne,
The King deſpaires not you will bid him welcome;
You have no narrow dwelling, and he knowes
Your heart is ſpacious like your fortunes Madam;
Princes doe honour when they come upon
Their ſubjects invitation, but they love
Where they invite themſelves.

Simp. My duty is
To meete that interpretation, though the newes
Come unexpected; now it will my Lord
Become me to be thrifty of the minute,
Their perſons being ſo neare; you will excuſe
If ſo ſhort ſummons doe expect my care
To entertaine 'em; my good Lord you have honor'd me.

Guid. Tis ſervice I am bound to. *Exit Simpho.*

Domit. Pray my Lord,
In your opinion, what ſhould moove the King
To invite himſelfe our gueſt, and bring the Duke
Along with him; he us'd not to retire
From hunting with this ceremony.

Guid. Princes
Are like the windes, and not to be examin'd
Where they will breath their favours.

Domit. Tis confeſt
An honour to us, and I hope you'le pardon
A womans curioſitie.

Guid. Shall I
Deliver my opinion; while the King
In entertainement of the Duke is shewing
The pleasures and the glories of his kingdome
He cannot hide, that which his *Naples* boasteth,
Her greatest ornament your beauty Madam.
Domit. I thanke your Lordship; I may now beleeve
The court's remooving hither; yet this language
Might doe you service to some other Lady
And I release it willingly; your complements
I know my Lord are much worse for wearing
Guid. You rather will beleeve your selfe worth praise
Then heare it; though we call it modesty,
It growes from some thing like a womans pride;
But it becomes you Madam; I take leave;
My service to your noble Lady mother. *Exit Guido.*
Domit. Mine shall attend your Lordship.

Enter Simphorosa.

Simp. Now *Domitilla*, is my Lord gone?
Dom. Yes Madam.
Simp. I expected not
These guests to day; they'le take us unprepard.
Domit. Not with our hearts to serve 'em, and their goodnes
Will excuse other want.
Simp. I know not daughter,
But I could wish rather to enjoy our selves,
Not for the cost, those thoughts are still beneath me.
Dom. You have cause to feare I hope y'are troubled.
Simp. For thy sake *Domitilla*.
Dom. Mine deare Madam.
Simp. It was for thee I chose this quiet life
Vpon thy fathers death, and left the court;
Thou art all my care, sole heire to all my fortunes,
Which I should see unwillingly bestowed
On some gay prodigall.
Dom. I cannot reach
Your meaning.
Simp. By some hastie marriage.

Dom.

Dom. You would have me live a Virgin; a leſſe fortune
Would ſerve me for a Nunne.
Sim. Tis not my thought;
Thou art young and faire, and though I doe not
Suſpect thy minde, thus farre bred up to vertue,
I would not have it tempted but reſerv'de
For a moſt noble choiſe, wherein ſhould meet
My care and thy obedience.
Dom. Y'are my mother,
And have ſo farre by your example taught me,
I Shall not neede the precepts of your vertue,
And let no thought of me take from your cheerefulneſſe
To entertaine the King; we owe him duty,
And that charme wo'not hurt us.
Sim. This does pleaſe me.
Dom. It ſhall be ſtill my ſtudy.
Sim. I muſt ſee
How they prepare, things may want method elſe.

Exit Simphoroſa.

Enter Octavio.

Octa. I kiſſe your faire hand Madam *Domitilla*;
The King and Duke and all the jolly hunters
With appetites as fierce as their owne hounds,
Will be here preſently.
Dom. I hope they will not
Devoure us my good Lord.
Octa. But I would ſit and feaſt and feed mine eyes
With *Domitillaes* beauty.
Dom. So my Lord; here was a gentleman
You could not chooſe but meete him ſpake your dialect;
I have forgot his name, but he was ſome
Great Lord.
Octa. Fye what a ignorance you live in,
Not to be perfect in a great Lords name;
There are few Ladies live with us but know
The very Pages; leave this darkeneſſe Madam,
And ſhine in your owne ſphere, where every ſtarre
Hath his due adoration.
Dom. Where?

Octav. The Court
Confine such beauty to a Countrey house;
Live among Hindes, and thicke skind fellowes that
Make faces, and will hop a furlong backe
To finde the tother leg they threw away
To shew their reverence; with things that squat
When they should make a curtsey; to Court Madam,
And live not thus for shame, the second part
Of a fond Anchorite; we can distinguish
Of beauty there, and wonder without spectacles,
Write Volumes of your praise, and tell the world
How envious diamonds, cause they could not
Reach to the lustre of your eyes dissolv'd
To angry teares; the Roses droope, and gathering
Their leaves together, seeme to chide their blushes
That they must yeeld your cheeke the victory:
The Lillies when they are censur'd for comparing
With your more cleare and native purity
Want white to doe their pennance in.

Dom. So, so;
Have you done now my young poeticke Lord.

Octav. There will be no end Madam of your praises.

Dom. And to no end you have spent all this breath;
Allow all this were wit, that some did thinke us
The creatures they commend (and those whom love
Hath curst into Idolatry and verse
May perhaps die so) wee doe knew our selves
That we are no such things.

Octa. Ist possible.

Dom. And laugh at your *Chimeraes.*

Octa. Y'are the wiser.

Dom. If this be your court practise, let me dwell
With truth and plaine simplicity.

Octa. If I
Might have my choyse, I would live with you Madam,
A neighbour to this innocence; your mother.

Enter Simphorosa.

The King is come already.

Enter King, Duke, Montalto, Guido, Aloisio, Alexio.

King. Madam though you are
So unkinde as not to see the court sometime,
The court is come to visit you.
Sim. You have
Humbled your selfe too much to doe us honour.
King. The Duke of *Florence.*
Sim. Tis a blessing that
My roofe can boast so great a guest.
King. Her daughter
Worth your salute.
Duke. Shee is worth a world my Lord,
What is that Ladies name?
Mont. In this you most
Appeare a stranger; shee is the glory
Of *Naples*, for her person and her vertues
That dwells in this obscure place like the shrine
Of some great Saint, to which devotion
From severall parts brings daily men like pilgrimes.
Duke. Her name.
Mont. Shee is wit, beauty, chastity, and all
That can make woman lovely to mans soule,
So farre from the capacitie of ill
That vertues in all other of her Sex
Like staines, but set of her perfection;
And when is named all goodnesse in her titles,
The ornament, nay glory of them all
Is *Domitilla* Sir.
Duke. You speake her high,
And I may guesse by your description
My Lord, this Lady hath another name;
Shee is your mistresse.
Mont. Not mine; she was created for some Prince,
And can beside her vertues bring a fortune
Worth his embrace.
Duke. What charmes are in her lookes.
Mont. Are you there Duke; this meeting was my project;

Things

Things may succeede to my ambition,
If I doe nooſe your highneſſe.

Sim. Pleaſe your Majeſtie.

King. All things muſt pleaſe here.

Duke. I follow Sir.

Sim. This is a grace I ever muſt be proud of.

Exeunt.

The ſecond Act.

Bombo, Iacame.

Bom. Have they almoſt dined? ſtay, ſtay a little:

Iaca. The laſt courſe is o'th table;
Why doe not you waite?

Bom. That were a way indeede to be diſcovered;
No, the King ſhall pardon me; he has
Not ſeene me yet for all his cunning,

Iaca. Whom doe you meane.

Bom. The King; thou art ignorant
Ile tell thee after dinner; 'ith meane time
Direct a wandring bottle of wine this way
And let me alone though I appeare not in't
I may have a humour to make a Maske if they
Stay ſupper.

Iac. Thou make a Maske.

Bom. I doe not ſay Ile write one, for I ha' not
My writing tongue, though I could once have read,
But I can give if neede be the deſigne,
Make worke among the Deale boards, and perhaps
Can teach 'em as good language as another
Of competent ignorance; things goe not now
By learning; I have read 'is but to bring
Some pretty impoſſibilities, for Antemaskes
A little ſence and wit diſpos'd with thrift,
With here and there Monſters to make 'em laugh;
For the grand buſineſſe to have *Mercury*
Or *Venus Dandeprat* to uſher in

Some of the gods that are good fellowes dancing,
Or goddesses, and now and then a song
To fill a gap; a thousand crownes perhaps
For him that made it, and theres all the wit.

Iaca. In what?

Bom. In getting of the money.

Iaca. You are witty signior *Rombo* to advance
The muse, Ile fetch a bottle that you talk'd o'. *Exit.*

Bom. If there be a superfluous Pheasant
Twill quell my hunger for a time; I heare
Intelligence of an Oleo; if any
Such things may be recovered from the courtiers
That have keene appetites upon hunting dinners;
You shannot neede to enquire much after me.

Enter Iacamo.

I shall be here abouts; why thou hast wings.

Iaca. A bottle of rich wine.

Bom. Thou wert alwayes honest.

Iaca. There's asking for my Ladies Secretary.

Bom. I knew't; I am not here;
Doe they inquire already? come Ile pledge thee;
What wilt thou say if some body be sent for to Court.

Iaca. Ile drinke some bodies health.

Bom. Th'art a good fellow, and this curtesie
Shall be remembred. *Within, call Iacamo.*

Iaca. I am cald.

Bom. Leave, leave your wickers; feloe weele drinke a cup
When thou art gone; tis very excellent wine;
And now I have a stomacke like an edge toole;
But no good comes of idlenesse — tother cup;
The bottle growes light headed; how now friend?
No dish of meat appeares; nothing to shew
The Kitchin and the Wineseller are friends?
I would the Cooke were rosted honest *Iacamo*

Enter Iacamo, and Pietro.

I was thinking of a brace of Cocks; just as you came.

Iaca. I have retriv'd a covey of Partridge for thee.

Piet. And a cup of Greeke wine; heeres to thee.

Bom. I understand Greeke wine; Ile lose no time.

Iaca.

Iaca. What's this a Booke?

Bom. No, tis my learned trencher
Which Schollers sometimes eate, Euclid they call it;
In my opinion this wing and legge
Is worth all bodies mathematicall;
Now let's dispute in Greek, to the Kings health.

Pie. To me, Ile pledge.

Iaca. It shall goe round.

Bom. And why doe you thinke my friend the King
Came hither with the Duke.

Pie. To dine.

Bom. Thy braines are in thy guts; you shall heare more;
Whats this?

Iaca. Potato Bulley.

Bom. A cup of wine to cleare the passage; so;
Here is as they say Latine; here is Greeke, and
Here is for ought I know an Hebrew roote, most learnedly
Met together.

Iaca. Heele be drunke presently.

Bom. Bottle in battle ray, present, give fire, so, as
You were; have they good stomacks *Iacamo?*
How feeds the King?

Iaca. He was very pleasant with your Lady;
But the Duke feedes upon her lookes.

Bom. My Ladies health, my Lady little *Domitillas* health.

Pie. Well said about, about.

Bom. I am about another to our reverend Lady *Simphorosa*;
So, so; this wine they say will make us see things double,
Here is but one Leg visible; well for this favour
Gentlemen if I be forc'd to live in court Ile make
You all in time; who can write or reade among you.

Both. None, none; we scorne it.

Bom. You shall have all preferment trust to me.
And marke my steps; heere to the curteous drinker.
Now doe I finde a noble constitution in me, now
Could I leape; would thou wert any living Lady!
In my way now.

Iaca. Away; the Lords are risen.

Bom. The Lords doe rise and fall.
Piet. Hees paid; the King will come this way.
Bom. Every man goe his owne way; I wonnot see
The King for all this.

Enter Guido, Aloisio, Aloxio.

Friend.
Guid. This is the Ladies Secretary, pray my Lords
Be acquainted with him.
Bom. Dee heare no body say he saw me, I wonnot
Be seene yet. *He reeles in.*
Guid. Though he be made a spectacle; but leave him
'Twas a handsome entertainement o'the sudden.
Alo. A pretty hunting dinner; but did you not
Observe with what intention the Duke
Shot eyes on *Domitilla.*
Alex. And the King
Applied all his discourse to her; I know not;
He has made no vow against a second marriage
But if he choose at home and looke at beauty.
Guid. Shees a very prettty talking Lady.
Ale. Very ingenious.
Aloi. And with your favour, though she be no Court Lady.
Shee wants no confidence.
Alex. What if the Duke be taken with her.
Guid. Let him be taken a bed with her, tis my opinion
My Lord *Montalto* wonnot die for greefe on't.
Alo. They are here.

Duke. Montalto.

Mont. Your grace is sad; excuse
My dilligence to waite on you; I could wish
If it made no intrusion on your thoughts,
I had opportunity to expresse
What might not be unworthy of your patience:
Duke. To me.

Enter King, leads Domitilla.

Mont. The King.
This way Ladies to the Garden; let me have
The honour to attend you. *Exit Duke. Montalto.*

King.

King. Where's the Duke.
Guid. He tooke that way to the Garden Sir, with
The Lord *Montalto.*
King. You may remove a little; *Exit.*
You have no feare to truſt your ſelfe with me.
Dom. I cannot Sir forget you are the King,
And in a Wilderneſſe could have no thought
With the leaſt prejudice upon your vertue.
King. You have the greater innocence at home;
My intents are faire enough, and you may ſtand
The danger of a queſtion; pray how old are you?
Dom. Although it be not held a welcome complement
To our Sex, my duty bids me not diſpute;
I am fifteene my mother ſaies.
King. And are
You not in love.
Domit. I muſt not charge my ſelfe
With ſo much ignorance to anſwer, that
I underſtand not what it meanes; I know
The word, but never could apply the ſence,
Or finde it in a paſſion more then ordinary.
King. *Cupid* hath loſt his quiver then, he could not
Be armde, and let you ſcape, whoſe ſole captivitie
Would be more glory then the conqueſt made
As Poets faine upon the gods.
Dom. Tis language
With which you are pleas'd to mocke your humble handmaid.
King. But this aſſures him blinde.
Dom. He would deſerve
To loſe his eyes indeede if he ſhould aime
A ſhaft at me.
King. Madam you have a heart.
Dom. To which no other
Flame can approach; then what ſhall light it to
Obedience of your will and my good mothers.
King. Obedience to my will; what if it were
My will that you ſhould love.
Dom. Sir, I doe love.

King.

King. Love with the warme affection of a mistresse
One Ile present a servant: why that blush;
The words are not immodest; there did want
No blood upon your cheeke to make it lovely;
Or does it flow in silence to expresse
That which your virgin Language would not be
So soone held guilty of, consent.
Dom. To what?
King. To love by my direction a man
Whose worth considered shall deserve thee too,
And in the noblest way invite thy freedome
Vntill the holy Priests declare, your hearts
Are knit into one blessing; theres no harme
In this.
Dom. Most royall Sir I know not, with
What words to say, you honour me; how can
One so unworthy as poore *Domitilla*
Be entertaind within your thoughts and care
In this high nature.
King. Though your mother have
Made both her person and your selfe a stranger
To Court, I have had eyes upon your vertues
Which waited on by a most ample fortune,
I have studied to advance, if you'le accept
A husband of a my choise; what say you Madam?
Dom. I have a mother Sir.
King. Shee shall thinke it fortunate
Bove expectation; you have not vowed your selfe
To a cold Nunnery.
Dom. Not I Sir.
King. When
I shall declare how pretious he is
To my owne bosome.
Dom. Royall Sir, this language
Must needes prepare a welcome; I should thinke
My heart unlike another womans, not
To obey a charme so powerfull as your praise;
But when you are considered as my King,

Duty takes off the merit of my will
And humble every thought beneath obedience.
King. His name is.
Dom. Pardon I beseech you Sir,
Conceale it yet; what gentle spirit walkes
Vpon my blood; I dare not looke upon him
My hopes my feares; it is enough great Sir,
That you leave one within your thought, you would
Commend to *Domitilla*, one your love,
And pretious to your bosome; sure you blest him
With such a Character.
King. It was too short.
Dom. My heart is a false Prophet; tis a fate
Too good and great for *Domitilla*.
King. Well his name shall be reserv'd; but when it opens
It selfe to your knowledge you will honour it,
And thanke me *Domitilla*; ith meane time
Let the opinion you have of me
Live in your trust, and make roome in your heart
To meete the husband I shall bring. *Exit.*
Dom. Why may not this be meant by his owne person?
More wonders have beene read in story; I
Finde thicke but amorous tremblings in my heart;
Hee's King; why not? love has done stranger things,
And can lead captive the proud heart of Kings. *Exit.*

Enter Duke, Montalto.

Duke. Here none can reach our voyce: be free and cleare.
Mon. First let me kisse your hand, on which I sweare
To speake all truth; tis justice to your person,
Your merrit and my faith; next though the secret
May both concerne and benefit your knowledge,
I shall desire your pardon.
Duke. You prepare me
For wonder; if it be an act of friendship
To me, it twill become me to reward it,
Not thankes, nor pardon.
Mon. But all truthes meet not
With charitable eares; there is a descant

That pleaſes not ſometimes though the beſt art
Preſent it, if our ſenſe be indiſpos'd
To patience and calme hearing.
Duke. Doe not doubt me.
Mont. Twill not become me ſo much as in thought
To enquire how long, or with what firme devotion,
You affect the Princeſſe, *Theodoſia*;
But *Naples* is more conſcious, then to doubt
You bring a welcome treaty in your perſon,
And every voice and heart is buſie with
The expectation of your marriage;
Whilſt every eye bright with your flame is able
To light a Torch to Hymen; Virgins have
No other care then with what flowers ſweet
As your owne name to adorne the ſmiling altars.
Duke. You promis'd Sir a ſecret.
Mon. It will come.
To faſt upon your knowledge; have you never
Look'd from the proſpect of your Pallace window,
When ſome faire ſky courted your eye to reade
The beauties of a day, the glorious Sunne
Enriching ſo the boſome of the earth
That trees and flowers appear'd but like ſo much
Enamell upon gold; the wanton birds
And every creature but the drudging Ante
Deſpiſing providence, and at play and all
That world you meaſure with your eye, ſo gay
And proud, as winter were no more to ſhake
His Icy Lockes upon 'em, but the breath
Of gentle *Zephire* to perfume their growth,
And walke eternally upon the Springs;
When from a coaſt you ſee not, comes a cloud
Creeping as overladen with a ſtorme
Darke as the wombe of night, and with her wings
Surpriſing all the glories you beheld;
Leaves not your frighted eyes a light to ſee
The ruines of that flattering day.
Duke. This Language

Carries

Carries both myſtery and horror; pray
My Lord convey your meaning to my knowledge.
Mon. I ſhall, I had in vaine prepard you thus elſe;
Pardon againe the ſtory, *Theodoſia*,
More beautifull then the day I figur'd by her,
Is quite orecaſt and lookes through an Eeclipſe
Vpon your love: ſhee has no heart, but what
Another is poſſeſt of.
Duke. Ha.
Mont. I know
It cannot but afflict your thoughts that all
Your expectation ripe and courted, to
The enjoying ſuch a treaſure as ſhee is,
Muſt finiſh in embracing of a ſhaddow,
Invited to a fable, not a bride
That ſhould with joy dwell in your princely armes;
For *Theodoſia* without ſacriledge
Cannot be yours: ſhee is contracted.
Duke. How?
The King of *Naples* muſt not Sir ingage
Florence to ſuch a mockery.
Mon. Tis my duty
To cleare his honour in't: he has a pure
Intention to make his ſiſter yours; her cloſe
Though honorable love's deſignd without
His knowledge, and you will but waſte your rage
Vpon her deſtiny which will bury her
In her owne ruines, if your anger make
The King her enemie.
Duke. I doe not finde
My heart in any diſpoſition
To breake at hearing of this newes, but wiſh it
Truth to prepare roomes for another gueſt;
The fairer *Domitilla* is here ſainted.
Mont. Your excellencie.
Duke. Muſt not be thus affronted
Montalto, and returne with this diſhonour;
Was there no cheaper perſon to be made

Ridiculous in *Naples*.

Mont. Calme your blood,
I know you must resent it, but let not
Your passion make the world beleeve you should
Dispaire to finde one apter to your bosome;
The richest beauty in the world, your birth
And fortune must deserve and I should curse
My forward duty to your grace.

Duke. No more
I have considered better and although
Your love may merit thankes, yet this intelligence
Wonot concerne my faith, this cannot be Sir.

Mont. My honour is ingaged then to convince you.
Though with the hazard of my life and fortunes,
Both which must now depend upon your mercy;
Your breath shall make 'em bleed or live.

Duke. What meanes
Montalto?

Mont. To translate the power of all
My Starres, and make you Lord of my whole fate.
Theodosias heart Sir should be mine, by free
Gift of her selfe, who has beene pleas'd to take
My vowes in the exchange, which now may boast
Some time and growth, which could not be a sinne
Against your love, with which all that can spring
From me deserves no name, nor dare I take
Boldenesse to call her mine, who am a thing
Lighter then ayre in ballance with your grace;
If you but chide the ambition, and could render,
Though I commit a rape on my owne life,
All that her love hath promis'd me.

Duke. Tis strange.

Mont. But she let me take freedome to be plaine.

Duke. Is not to be redu'd youle say.

Mont. Sir, women
Love not with that safeguard upon their passion.

Duke. Shee has a wise art to dissemble then.

Mont. Tis feare it should arive at the King knowledge.

In whose displeasure shee is lost and not
A will to mocke your grace, for whom there is
Another wound within her minde, that shee
Should weare a smiling summer in her brow
Yet frost within her heart, in which unhappily
Shee comes to neare the nature of the Adamant
Hard to your grace whom shee attracts; but love
Your wisedome knowes is in the volume of
Our fate decreede, whose periods when they are
By time made knowne; greatnesse on earth, that meanes
To play the tyrant with us, may have strength
To punish not reverse.

Duke. I am confirmde
And prosper in my thoughts.

Mont. It takes.

Duke. My Lord,
You have exprest an act of confidence
Which I must not betray though to my losse;
It is some happinesse to know this early,
We may be expected; you shall finde me Sir
A Prince, but no usurper.

Mont. I am your creature;
The King.

Enter King, Simphorosa, Dimitilla, Guido, Aloisio, Alexio.

We build upon your piety
Vntill some little time may call our loves
Out of this silence.

King. You understand me Madam?

Simp. And am honord.

Duke. Her eyes beget new wonder; I shall be observ'd.

King. Come, now to horse.

Duke. I shall attend; your entertainement has
Oblig'd us Madam.

Sim. Twas not worth such guests;
But prayers and duty must supply.

King. Now Madam you are a great part of my care;
Depend upon me for a husband.

Dom. Ist not plaine,
Duke. Madam another guest must take his leave,
That here would choose his pallace.
Dom. You are gracious, and but encourage more to honour (you
Mont. Ile creepe and kisse thy Altar love, allow
Them flame, and knit more charmes upon her brow,

Exeunt.

The third Act.

Duke and Riviero.

Duke. Tis thy old quarrel gainst *Montalto* makes
Thee incredulous, I dare beleeve he loves
Theodosia.
Rivi. Tis not that I question Sir,
But that part which concernes her love to him
Sounds like a plot upon your nature, to
Secure his owne ambition.
Duke. Why the Princesse
May love; as great a heart has beene made stoope.
Rivi. Your grace should else in vaine court her your selfe
And late your highnesse thought shee meet your person
A faire designe of love, with all the soft
Behaviour of a Princesse.
Duke. But tis not
Impossible a Lady should dissemble,
Rivi. Allow her but the honour she was borne with,
And sheel'e not staine her blood so much.
Duke. But love
Must be obeyed, and prepossession
Of hearts is a lewd thing to wrastle with;
I make it my owne case, and if I love'd
Another Lady better then the Princesse,
As every man's not proofe against all beauty,
I thinke I should be constant to it would
Be something to remove me.
Rivi. Then the King.

Duke. He knowes not: & I have bound my selfe in honour
Not to betray, if they be decreed
To make a marriage; a soft destiny
Attend their loves.

Rivi. There is some mystery;
But will you rest and take for granted thee
Does love *Montalto*; if it be a truth
Y'are in the same condition when shee
Confirmes it.

Duke. Tis not good to be busie
In search of these unwelcome certainties;
There's hope while things are clouded in suspition.

Rivi. But so your jealousie may wound her honour;
Which you may cure by knowledge.

Duke. I will thinke on't;
Meane time let this dwell in that honest silence
You have possest; there is another secret
May follow.

Rivi. You must challenge my whole bosome,
And I am confident your highnesse will
Stere all your resolutions by honour,
Which in a Prince is sacred.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, the Lord
Montalto is comming up.

Duke. Then try your art upon him,
And informe your selfe, Ile take
My time to appeare.

Exit Duke.

Enter Montalto.

Rivi. I obey
My honour'd Lord.

Mon. Most noble *Philiberto*,
Where is the Duke?

Rivi. If youle but excuse a few minuts.

Mont. Tis
My duty to attend.

Rivi. How is it with the Princesse my good Lord?

Mont. The Princesse? shee is in health; why this to me?

Heere

Hee is of inward counsell with the Duke,
I must be resolute.
Rivi. I aske, because
His grace intends a present visit to her,
And was but now in mention of your Lordship
To beare him company.
Mont. I like not that;
He knowes he may command my services.
Rivi. He will deserve your love; pray my Lord tell me,
And let us be plaine breasted; you injoy
The King, as I, but with lesse stocke of merit,
The favour of his excellence; how affect you
The present state of things; wilt be a match?
There is lou'd expectation in the world,
And after all, my Master's fond to have it
Proceede; to these, I am of opinion
Theres no retreating now without dishonour;
Yet as I am *Philiberto* I much pittie
He should through any wound to your affection
Perfect his love.
Mont. He has told you then the secret,
And not to waste more language, I collect
From what you have expreſt, he does resolve
To destroy me; *Montalto* must be trod on.
Rivi. Not so my Lord.
Mont. Yes, and my heart the ascent,
To his Hymeneall altar, which must be
Made crimson with the blood of a true lover;
His will be obey'd, *Theodosia* shall see
To advance her, *Montalto* will goe smiling
To his sacrifice, and after many prayers,
That shee may live the darling of his heart,
Ile change my acquaintance of this world to be
At peace in my owne ashes.
Rivi. You will not
Commit a violence upon your selfe?
Mont. I sha not needs; the thought of her will kill me
With as much silence as I goe to sleepe;

I onely ſhall bleed inward, and my life
Remove it ſelfe like a faire apparition
That vaniſhes to th'eye, and with leſſe noiſe
Then a calme Summers evening; but when I
Am dead, tis not impoſſible, ſome may
Report *Theodoſia* was but raviſh'd from me;
Feare of a brothers anger, and the tricke
Of polliticke ſtates, that marry to knit power
Not hearts, did force her to *Heraves* armes,
Whilſt I, torne from the branch where I once grew,
Travell I know not whether in the aire.

Rivi. I begin
To thinke him worth ſome pitty.

Mont. Into what
Vaine thing would the ſevere apprehenſion
Of greefe transforme us? coward, let the Duke
Move with all amorous haſte to his delight,
And glory in the hope of his faire bride,
Mine by the gift of heaven, and hearts; but all
My flowers grow dully on their ſtalkes, and wither;
Let her gay Palatinimphs with roſie Chaplets,
Which will take all their colour from her bluſh,
Attend on *Theodoſia* to the Temple,
While as they goe, no rude winde ſhall be heard,
But ſo much breath of heaven as gently may
Lifting their looſe haire up, whiſper my wrong
To every Virgins eare; let them be married,
Knit hands, and plight a ceremonious faith;
Let all the triumphs waſte; let them be waſted,
And night it ſelfe brib'd with a thouſand formes
Of mirth and Revells, till the night grow faint
And pale with watching,
Invite to bed; yet there he ſhall enjoy
But *Theodoſias* body, and not that
As his faire thoughts expect, perhaps the conqueſt
Of one whom he loved better. *Exit Montal.*

Enter Duke.

Rivi. How was that.

Duke. Now ſhall I truſt him? if my ſenſe miſtake not
Theodoſia may not be a Virgin.
Rivi. Twas
His bold concluſion.
Duke. Where is now the honour
You talke of: durſt *Montalto* charge her with
This ſtaine, without his conſcience to aſſure it.
Rivi. Yes, and to me this renders him the more
To be ſuſpected, and I am ſo farre
From thinking ſhee affects *Montalto*, that
I am convinc'd he loves her not; can he
Have any noble thought of *Theodoſia*,
That dares traduce her honour: thinke o' that;
And can revenge in any lover be
A reaſon to wound a Ladies fame: it taſts
Of ranke injuſtice, and ſome other end
Time will diſcover; and yet your grace is bound
To have his accuſation confirm'd,
Or hant this ſpotted panther to his ruine,
Whoſe breath is onely ſweete to poyſon vertue.
Duke. What I reſolve inquire not. *Exit Duke.*
Rivi. I ſee through
Montaltoes ſoule, and have beene ſo long tame
In my owne ſufferings; but this will make
Him ripe for puniſhment; *Andrugio* and
My ſonne.

Enter Andrugio, Octavio.

Octav. I cannot with the wings of duty
Fly ſwift enough to proſtrate my obedience
And welcome from a long ſuppoſed death,
My honourd father.
Rivi. Then I muſt appeare ſo.
Andr. And let me give a ſonne up to your bleſſing
Worthy your beſt prayers, and embraces: 'twas time
To bring you acquainted: he had elſe this night
Contriv'd *Montaltoes* tragedie at a Banquet,
For your revenge his active thoughts: I could not
Counſell no longer patience.

Rivi.

Rivi. Thou hast but
Prevented me *Octavio*; I was
Weary of my concealement.
Octav. But my joyes are wilde,
And will I feare, transport me.
Rivi. My best friend,
And my owne spirited boy, feare not *Montalto*;
Hee's now upon a precipice; his fate
Stoopes with the glorious burden of his pride.
Things may be worth our counsell; we shall see
This prodigie that would be held a Starre,
And did so fright us with his streaming haire,
Drop like a Comet, and be lost i'th aire. *Exeunt.*

Montalto, Theodosia.

Mont. Ist possible the day should be so old,
And not a visite from the Duke.
Theo. While he
Injoyes health, I shall easily forgive
A little ceremony.
Mont. And a lover;
Your grace must chide him; other men may have
Excuse for their neglect of time, but he
That loves deserves no pardon.
Theod. Iudge with charity
My Lord; the case may be your owne; you would
Thinke her a cruell mistresse, that should doome
Your life to exile, for not payment of
One ceremonious visite.
Mont. Not where such
Perfection were to ingage my service Madam;
Pardon the bold comparison; death were not
Enough to punish that rude thought that could
Start from your bright Idea; or converse
With praters that did not first concerne your excellence:
I would not be ambitious of a blessing
But from reflex of yours.
Theo. You would expresse
A most officious servant to that Lady

Were honourd in your thought; but the Duke of *Florence*
And I shall make no such severe conditions.
Mon. If he doe love you Madam, that will teach him
Above what ceremony prescribes to honour you.
Theo. If he doe love.
Mont. Your graces pardon; I
Speake from an honest freedome taken from
The assurance of your goodnesse, that know better
How to distinguish truth; I am not judge
Of his breast Madam.
Theo. I suppose you are not.
Mont. And yet being a man another way
Conclude his passions are but such as have
Beene read in humane nature.
Theo. What inferre you
From hence my Lord?
Mont. Nothing but that a Prince
May be no Saint in love.
Theo. Howe's that?
Mont. Twas in my feare I should displease.
Theo. Your will.
Mont. Not for the Empire of the world; I shall
Repent I live with your suspition
Vpon my humbl'd soule.
Theo. Pray Sir be free
Touching the Duke; I must know all; what is't
Makes him no Saint.
Mont. Madam he is not dead,
And in his life I see no miracles.
Theo. You talk'd of love.
Mont. No miracles of love:
He loves as other men that have profest
Devotion to a mistresse—but
Theo. What? speake
I charge thee by the memory of what
Thou dost affect most.
Mont. Though it wound my selfe
Be arm'd and heare it; how I blush within me.

To

To tell your highneſſe *Florence* has tranſplanted
His heart, and all his active thoughts are plac'd.
Theo. On whom?
Mont. On *Domitilla*.
Theo. Ha.
Mont. I did obſerve 'em Madam, at her mothers houſe,
Where we were lately feaſted after hunting,
How ſtrangely he was taken, how his eyes
Did wanton with her face, and on her haire
Tie many golden knots, to keepe love chaine;
But theſe are but ſuſpitions; he ſince
Confeſt to me in hope to winne me to
Negotiate his affaire, how at firſt ſight
He tooke in deſperate flames, and that ſhee rules
The intelligence of his ſoule; I heare the King
Hath ſent for her to Court, which muſt give Madam
A dangerous opportunity to actuate
His ends with your diſhonour; I was unwilling
To ſpeake this knowledge of his haſty change,
But all my bonds of piety and faith
Would have beene forfeit into a long ſilence.
Theo. Shall I be thus affronted.
Mont. We ſee Princes,
Whom we call gods on earth, in the affaires
Of love turne men agen.
Theo. For *Domitilla*.
Mont. That's the diſhonour Madam, and infects
My braine to thinke on't, and as much beneath
Your grace in all the ornaments of ſoule
And perſon as ſhee is in blood, if my
Impartiall thought may take ſo bold commiſſion
To judge betweene your beauties.
Theo. Is it poſſible;
Mont. Tis too certaine Madam; I ſhould be
A villaine to accuſe the Duke unjuſtly,
Or bring but ſhaddowes of a truth; for though
He be unworthy of your love that dares
Thus valew your perfections, below

That Phantome *Domitilla*, lor not passion
Make you to rash in managing a cause,
On which depends your fame, compared to which
Ten thousand lives added to mine were nothing;
Observe him at next visit.

Theod. Ile study thankes Sir.

Mont. You pay me with a blessing, if my name
But live within your memory.

Theo. This troubles me. *Exit Montalto.*

Enter King and Guido.

King. Are they both come to court?

Guid. And in those lodgings were prepar'd.

King. Tis well, and came they cheerefully?

Guid. Yes Sir, but something
I nigh discerne like trouble, and by starts
In *Domitilla*, but they are pleas'd with their
Remove, and waite all your commands.

King. So leave us; *Exit Guido.*
Theodosia, whats the matter? art not well.

Theo. Where's the Duke.

King. I thought to have met him here.

Theod. Is *Domitilla* come to Court?

King. She is
By my command to waite on thee.

Theo. To rivall me. *Exit.*

King. Howes that?
I meant her a wife for good *Montalto*,
As the reward of his just services;
He knowes it not, as he is ignorant
For whom I have prepar'd her; Rivall? strange
I must know more of this; shee is in nature
Too apprehensive; for although in love
Suspition to men a torment be,
There is no Fiend to women jealousie. *Exit.*

Domitilla, Bembo.

Bom. You may doe what you will Madam, put me
Into fine clothes, and make an asse of me;
But should you wrap me in a Lyons skinne.

Dom.

Dom. You have eares that will betray what beast you are.

Bom. Pray Madam tell me in six words of sence,
What shall I doe here; Ile not see the King,
Though he have cunningly devis'd this tricke
Onely to bring me hither and betray me
To offices, make me at least an Idoll.

Dom. Whats that?

Bom. An Idoll in the Countrey I have read
A thing we call a worshipfull, a right worshipfull,
Descended from the house of the fac totums,
Lord of the soile, and Cocke of his owne dunghill.

Dom. You may be out of feare; you cannot reade now.
Nor set your name to a warrant.

Bom. All that nothing:
Ignorance every day comes into fashion,
And no meane statesmen now when they doe write
Their names, doe for their honours so contrive it,
You can hardly know a nobleman from a mattke.

Dom. If you be an enemy to all preferment,
Your best way is to leave the world and turne
A lay Fryer.

Bom. No I finde no such thing in my constitution;
Every man is not bound to be Religious;
Men of my bulke and bearing should not fast so;
I am not given by nature to drinke water,
Or lye without a shirt; I have corines Madam,
And I would make lesse conscience to undoe
My Shoomaker, then walke on wodden Pantables.
I will indure to serve you still and dwell here,
So you conceale me from the King; tis not
That I doe owe his Majestie ill will,
I could indure him too upon condition,
He would make nothing on me.

Dom. Why he shall
Make nothing on thee, take my word, or if
Thou hast a minde Ile pray him make thee lesse.

Bom. No, I would be a midling Christian;
But what will you doe here your selfe, youle be in.

Dom.

Dom. With whom doſt thinke.

Bom. And caſt away your ſelfe
Vpon ſome pageant, one whoſe wit muſt be
Beholding to anothers Wooll to keepe it warme;
One that can dance and ſing and wag his feather,
An artificiall Calfe carrier;
A youth that's ſowed together by his Taylour,
And taken a peeces by his Surgeon.

Dom. Why how now Secretary.

Bom. I could ſay more.

Dom. Is this wit naturall?

Bom. You were beſt ſay
I got it here at Court; pray heaven I doe not
Looſe what I brought; I had a holſome wit
Pth Countrey; aske the Pariſh and the Parſon
For I kept company with thoſe that reade
And learne wit now by the eare; if any ſlip from me,
As where there is a plenty ſome will out,
Here are ſo many wit catchers, a loſt maidenhead
Is ſooner found and ſet upon the ſhoulders
Of the right owner.

Dom. I preethe tell me *Bombo*,
And tell me truth, doe not you thinke your ſelfe
After all this a foole?

Bom. A foole; your ſervant Madam.

Dom. Ile ſpeake thou maiſt be the Kings foole.

Bom. I thanke you,
I tell you Ile not ſee the King, or if I did,
Yes I looke like a foole, I could be angry,
But then you'd ſay I were a foole indeed.

Dom. Be not ſo paſſionate.

Bom. Wod I had beene a foole,
I would I had, for my owne ſake I wiſh it.
I ſhould not have beene tempted hither then,
By which I have indangered my good parts,
To State imployment; but Ile be wiſe enough,
He has not ſeene me yet nor ſhanot if
There be a witch in *Naples*, or a miſt

That

That will be bought for money to walk the Court in;
But take your courſe, and I were at home agen.

Dom. What then?

Bom. I would live in the Sellar, the Wine Sellar;

Dom. Tis your humility.

Bom. There were ſome fortification to be made
Againſt the Court invaſions, countermines
Of ſand and Sacke, a man might thruſt himſelfe
Among the bottles, and defie the world,
Be drunke, and not be cal'd out of his ſleepe
To goe Embaſſadour.

Enter Simphoroſa.

Dom. So, ſo, feare not,
Have a ſtrong faith, and thou maiſt dyë i'th countrey
For all this: here's my mother; let your care
Be now that none may interrupt us.

Bom. I will doe any thing but ſee the King. *Exit*

Dom. With pardon Madam you ſeeme full of thought.

Sim. I am ſtudying *Domitilla* why the King
Should ſend for us to Court.

Dom. Mother you cannot
Mention the King in any act of his
That is not glorious and like himſelfe;
He is the great example of a King,
But richer in his ſoule then ſtate.

Sim. But why
To us this favour; to call us from thoſe
Cold and obſcure ſhades of a retirement
To plant us here neare his owne beames?

Dom. He has ſome meaning in't.

Sim. It tis yet darke to me.

Dom. We ſha'not ſtaine his Court; his ſiſter's but
A Lady of more diſtinction of birth;
Yet all that have beene Princes, came not to
Their ſtate by a deſcent; the Heralds know
Some were not borne to purple and to ſcepters
That have beene Queenes; vertue has rais'd ſome,
And beauty has had many charmes to rule

The heart of Kings.

Simp. Whats all this *Domitilla?*
I hope you are not dreaming of a Queene;
Such wilde interpretation of the Kings
Favour to us cannot be made without
The forfeits of wits and duties which
Should teach us to containe our thoughts in their
Owne Spheare, and not to point them upon objects
Above our Levell.

Dom. I Betray my ſelfe,
When I ſayd beauty had a power to charmē
A King; it might acquit me from ſuſpition
Of any hope to apply them ſo ambitiouſly;
Youle grant it juſt to love the King.

Sim. Our duties.

Dom. And he may where hē pleaſe place his affection.

Sim. Leave that to her; it may concerne.

Dom. And ſhee
Thats mark'd for ſo great honour ſhould be mad
To quarrell with her kinde fate.

Sim. What's all this
To thee?

Dom. To me; why mother iſt not poſſible
A Lady not much fairer then my ſelfe
May be a Queene; great Princes have eyes
Like other men, and I ſhould ſinne againſt
What heaven and nature have beſtowed on me,
Should my fate ſmile to thinke my face would be
The barre to ſuch preferment.

Sim. Leaving this
Which is but mirth I know ſince we are falnē
Into diſcourſe of love, what would you anſwer
To Lord *Montalto* if he came a wooing
And recommended by the King?

Dom. I would
Eene recommend him to the King agen.

Sim. Is not his favorite worth your love, if hē
Deſcend to be your ſervant.

Dom.

Dom. As a ſervant
He may be entertain'd, and were I Quēene,
Perhaps he ſhould be favorite to both;
And I would ſmile upon his ſervices
In imitation of the King while he
Preſerv'd his modeſt duty and his diſtance:
Sim. My daughter is tranſported; ſure you arē
No Queene ſweet *Domitilla.*
Dom. Tis a truth,
Nor is *Montolto* yet my favorite.
Sim. I hope ſhee's not ſo miſerable to affect
The King, by whoſe directions I prepare
Her for *Montalto.*

Enter Bombo.

Bom. A ſprig of the Nobility cal'd *Octavio*
Deſires acceſſe.
Dom. Admit him.
Sim. I muſt let this paſſion coole and leavē her.

Enter Octavio.

Octav. Welcome to Court; why ſo; this ſphere becomēs you,
Or rather it takes ornament from you;
Now *Domitilla* ſhines indeede; your preſence
Doth throw new beames about the Pallace Madam;
Before we look'd as we had loſt our *genius.*
Dom. You came not from the King with any meſſage,
Octav. I made this haſt to tender my owne ſervice.
Dom. You have no other ſuite to me?
Octav. Yes Madam.
Dom. Speake it.
Octav. And Ile not wander much about; ſhall I
Be admitted a young lover?
Dom. Men muſt not love till they be one & twenty,
They will be mad before they come to age elſe.
Octav. This Law was ne're decreed i'th Parliament
Of *Cupid*; ſuch a Statute would undoe
Many ſweet Virgins like your ſelfe; yet if
You'le promiſe to ſtay for me, I ſhall thinke it
A happy expectation; we are both

Young;wē may chooſe each other Valentine
And couple,as we grow more ripe hereafter.
Dom. Ile aske you but one queſtion my Lord,
What would you give to be the King of *Naples?*
Octav. I dare not thinke ſo ambitiouſly.
Dom. Tis modeſt:what if I cannot love under a Prince.
Octav. Can he be leſſe,whom you will make happy
To boaſt in the poſſeſſion of your faire
Perſon,a thouſand provinces;thoſe eyes
Are able to create another *Indies*;
All the delights that dwell in bleſſed *Tempe*
Divinely bud and bloſſome in your cheeke;
The treaſure of *Arabia's* in your breath;
Nor *Thebes* alone,as to *Amphions* Lute
Stoopes to the heavenly magicke of your voyce,
But all the world.
Dom. No more of this;theſe praiſes
Are made for children,and will make truth bluſh;
They may fill up where nature is defective;
And were I Queene of *Naples* I ſhould puniſh
Such flattery;but you are young and may
Outgrow this vanity.
Octav. You are mercifull.
Dom. I ſhall be ever ſo to you *Octavio*;
Let this incourage you to thinke I love you
In the firſt place,of thoſe which are borne ſubjects;
If you will anſwer my reſpects forbeare
To queſtion further.
Octa. I ſhall waite ſometime,and kiſſe your hand.
Dom. And if my power may
Prevaile to doe you favour with the King,
Make your addreſſe.
Octa. Has not the court transform'd her. *Exit.*
Dom. Me thinkes I move upon a ſtate already
And yet tis not the glory of his title
Affects my hope ſo much;his perſon's lovely,
And both together make the charme;I doe
Expect his royall preſence;how ſhall I

Behavē

Behave my lookes when he declares himſelfe.

Enter Iacamo.

Iaca. Madam.

Dom. Admit not every Lord to trouble mē;
I will take phyſicke;but Ile be obſerv'd;
You may frame ſome excuſe to Ladies too
That preſſe their viſite.

Iaca. Tis the Duke.

Dom. The Duke.

Iaca. Of *Florence.*

Dom. Princes muſt not be neglected;
That name gives him acceſſe;ſay I attend.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The acknowledgments I owe your favours Madam,
Late your rude gueſt brings me to kiſſe your hand.

Dom. Your excellence is pleas'd to interpret fairely
Of our intents.

Duke. And till occaſion ripen
My whole diſcharge for your faire entertainement,
Madam, be pleas'd to weare theſe Diamonds,
Which of themſelves betray their want of luſture,
And come with an ambition to recover
Flame from your ſmile.

Dom. It can be no diſhonour.
To take theſe from a Prince.

Enter Iacamo,whiſpers to Domitilla.

The King with wings,
Ile haſte to meet him. *Exit.*

Duke. Gone, and ſo abruptly
Her buſineſſe might allow her breath to thanke me
For my rich preſent;but Ile follow her;
I wo'd not meet the King here;if ſhee prove
Gentle,my heart I conſecrate to love. *Exit.*

The fourth Act.

Enter King,and Domitilla.

King. My pretty *Domitilla,*now you are
My gueſt,tis fit whom I have made my charge

Should live within my eyes, welcome once more to Court.
Dom. You are bounty Sir it selfe, and binde
A Virgins prayers.
King. What art thou yet prepar'd
To heare his name, I would declare thy husband.
Enter Duke.
Duke. The King.
King. The Duke; this confirmes it.
Duke. Vnlucky fate he has spied me.
King. Thou shalt have
A little patience, while the Duke and I
Change some discourse in private.
Dom. I Obey. *Exit.*
Duke. He is sent off; I hope the King is not
In love with her himselfe.
King. Now my Lord, what
Alone, I see you can addresse your selfe
To a handsome Lady.
Duke. He has prevented mē.
Where I receive favour I shall never
Want heart to acknowledge.
King. That rule binds to all.
Duke. It does but with distinction, to pay.
King. But with distinction to pay,
First love to those that best deserves it from us.
Duke. Tis justice Sir.
King. This granted, there's another
Whom though you can forget, my sister Sir
Deserves to be remembred.
Duke. You are jealous
That I visite this Lady.
King. That were onely
To doubt; I must be plaine; *Florence* has not
Beene kind to *Naples* to reward us with
Affront for love, and *Theodosia* must not
Be any Princes mockery.
Duke. I can
Take boldnesse too, and tell you Sir it were

More for her honour, ſhee would mock no Prince;
I am not loſt to *Florence* yet, though I
Be *Naples* gueſt, and I muſt tell him here
I came to meet with faire and Princely treaties
Of love, not to be made the tale of *Italy*,
The ground of Scurrile paſquills, or the mirth
Of any Lady, who ſhall preingage
Her heart to anothers boſome, and then ſneake
Off like a tame deſpiſed property,
When her ends are advanc'd.

King. I underſtand not
This paſſion; yet it points upon ſomething
That may be dangerous to conclude; *Theodoſia*
Is *Naples* ſiſter, and I muſt not ſee
Her loſt to honour, though my kingdome bleed
To reſcue her.

Duke. Now you are paſſionate;
Tis I muſt be repair'd; my name is wounded,
And my affection betrayed; your ſiſter
That lookes like a faire ſtarre, within loves skie
Is falne, and by the ſcattering of her fires
Declares ſhee has alliance with the earth,
Not heavenly nature.

King. Are my ſenſes perfect;
Be clearer Sir; teach me to underſtand
This prodigie; you doe not ſcorne our ſiſter?

Duke. Not I, as ſhe has title to your blood
Shee merits all ambition, ſhee is a Princeſſe,
Yet no ſtaine to her invention, we are paralells
Equall, but never made to meet.

King. How's this?

Duke. Truth is my witneſſe I did meane
No ceremonious love, untill I found
Her heart was given from me, though your power
Contract our bodies.

King. Stay and be advis'd,
And if your doubts by ſome malitious tongue
Framed to abuſe my ſiſter, and your ſelfe,

Have

Have rais'd this muteny in your thoughts, I have
A power to cure all.

Duke. Sir you cannot.

King. Not to court thee for her husband, wert posseſt
Of all, ore which our Eagle ſhakes his wings,
But to ſet right her honour; and ere I challenge
Thee by thy birth, by all thy hopes and right
To fame, to tell me what ſeditious breath
Has poyſon'd her; heare what my ſiſter ſends
By me ſo late, time is not old in minuts,
The word's yet warme with her owne breath; pray tell
The Duke ſaies ſhe, although I know not from
What roote his diſcontents grow, to devote him
To *Domitilla.*

Duke. How does ſhee know that?

King. Whoſe beauty has more ſpell upon his fancy,
I did contract my heart, when I thought his
Had beene no ſtronger to his tongue, and can
Not finde within it ſince, what ſhould divert
His princely thoughts from my firſt innocence;
Yet ſuch is my ſterne fate I muſt ſtill love him;
And though he frame his heart to unkinde diſtance,
It hath imbracing vertue upon mine,
And with his owne remove, drawes my ſoule after him;
If he forget I am a Princeſſe, pray
Let *Naples* doe ſo too; for my revenge
Shall be in prayers, that he may finde my wrong
But teach him ſoft repentance, and more faith.

Duke. All this muſt not betray my freedome Sir.

King. Youle not accuſe our ſiſter of diſhonour.

Duke. I would not grieve you Sir to heare what I
Could ſay; and preſſe me not for your owne peace;
Fames muſt be gently toucht.

King. As thou art *Florence* ſpeake.

Duke. I Shall diſpleaſe;
Yet I but tell her brother that doth preſſe me;
Lucrece was chaſt after the rape; but where
The blood conſents, there needs no raviſher.

Exit.

King.

King. I doe grow faint with wonder: here's enough
To blast an apprehension, and shoote
A quaking through the valiant soule of man;
My sisters blood accus'd, and her faire name
Late chast as trembling snow, whose fleeces clothe
Our Alpine hills, sweet as the Roses spirit
Or Violets cheeke, on which the morning leaves
A teare at parting, now begins to wither,
As it would haste to death, and be forgotten;
This *Florence* is a Prince that does accuse her;
And such men give not faith to every murmur
Or slight intelligence that wounds a Lady
In her deare honour; but shee is my sister;
Thinke of that too; credit not all, but aske
Of thy owne veines what guilty flowings there
May tempt thee to beleeve this accusation.

Enter Theodosia.

Tis shee;
Th'art come *Theodosia* to my wishes.

Theo. What does distract you Sir.

King. I have done your message to the Duke, and finde
He does love *Domitilla.*

Theo. Her he shall meete and marry in *Elisium.*

King. What meane you?

Theo. I have shooke off my tamenesse; doe not hinder
My just revenge; Ile turne their triumphs into death.

King. There is a question of more consequence
Thou must resolve; it does concerne thee more
Then thy owne life.

Theo. You fright me.

King. Are you honest?

Theo. Honest.

King. I could have us'd the name of chaste,
Or virgin; but they carry the same sence;
Put off thy wonder *Theodosia*,
And answer me by both our parents ashes,
Which now are frighted in the urne, and fearse
Contain'd beneath their marble, while their fame

Bleeds in my wounded honour? art thou ſtill
My ſiſter without ſtaine upon thy chaſtity
Tell me and anſwer truth, for both our lives.
Nay, nay, there is no time for thy amaze;
Haſt thou not loſt thy ſelfe and beene injoyed;
I bluſh to name the way.

Theo. Never.

King. Agen.

Theo. By all the good we hope for I an innocent
As your owne wiſhes.

King. Th'art my vertuous ſiſter.

Theo. But by your love and all that bound to
Be juſt, now let me know my ſtrange accuſer.

King. Thou ſhalt know that hereafter; let thy thoughts
Live in their owne peace, and diſpute not mine. *Exit.*

Enter Domitilla.

Dom. Not ſpeake to me; he frownd too: ſure I have not
Diſpleasd him; wherefore ſtayes the Princeſſe?

Theo. Shew ſpirit now or never. *Domitilla*
The greateſt part of my affliction
Let my revenge begin here.

Dom. Your grace does honour your unworthy ſervant;
And if I might beſeech one favour more,
Tis but to know what has diſpleas'd the King.

Theo. Muſt you be of counſell with his paſſions;
What hath advanc'd you to this boldneſſe?

Dom. Pardon;
Why does your grace put on thoſe angry lookes;
I never did offend you in a thought.

Theo. Cunning diſſembler, yes, and tis thy death
Muſt ſatisfie; yet ere I give thee puniſhment
Tell me what impudence advanc'd thy thoughts
So high in our diſhonour? was there none
In your owne forme of blood fit for your love,
But you muſt flatter your proud hopes with one
So much above thy birth though he in frailty
Conſent to make thee great, dar'd thou accept it,
And with my ſhame all ſpite to be his equall;

Diſclaime

Disclaime these hopes, and sweare never to love him.

Dom. Madam.

Theo. Doe, or with this I will secure my feares,
And stand the malice of all other fate.

Dom. Heare me.

Theo. Be briefe.

Dom. I know not by what genius prompted Madam,
To live or die, more happily, I have no
Feare of your rage, which is so farre from making
Me sinne against my love, it has inlarg'd
My heart; which trembles not to be loves martyr;
I can forgive your hand too, if you promise
To tell the King how willing I die for him.

Theo. The King; thou lov'st the Duke.

Dom. Hee's not concern'd
In my affection; I have no thought
Of any Prince alive, but your owne brother;
Such an example of loves folly have
My starres decreed me; yet if pride and duty
May in one action meete and be good friends,
Both shall assist my last breath which shall offer
Humbly the King, and his affaires to heaven
This he will pardon, shall he know it done
By me more fit to die then live for him.

Theo. Alas poore *Domitilla*; shee is wounded
As deepe as I; rise and forgive my jealousie;
I cannot promise thee to be my sister,
But I will love thee like one; let us call
A counsell of our thoughts, and mingle sorrowes;
Yet when we have done all, and tyr'd our breath,
There is no cure for love, but love or death. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Montalto.

King. How will *Montalto* counsell me; I am
Wilde with the repetition.

Mont. The Duke
Lay such a blacke aspersion on your sister;
Tis blasphemy to honour; but as soone
He may pollute the Sunne beames, or defile

The dew of heaven ere it approach the earth
Make us beleeve the rockes of ice doe flame,
And may indanger the north ſtarre; my wonder
Will make me reaſonleſſe; it throwes a poyſon
On your whole family, a ſtaine ſo deepe
And ſo prodigious, all the blood within
His Dukedome wo'not purge it: could he finde
No excuſe for his revolt to *Domitilla*,
But blaſting the ſweet Princeſſe.

King. *Domitilla*
Whom I muſt tell you I already have
Prepar'd to be thy bride, as an addition
To the reward I owe thy ſervices.

Mont. Prepard for me? you are too bountifull
In you I kneele both to my king and father;
But my aſpiring will be ſatisfied
To be your ſervant ſtill: in your grace I
Injoy the bride my heart affects; let me
Grow old with duties here, and not tranſlate
My affection till my weary ſoule throw off
The burden of my duſt.

King. No more in this
One act, Ile build a monument of my love
To thee, and my revenge upon the Duke;
Thou inſtantly ſhalt marry *Domitilla*;
Her Beauty, Blood and Fortune will deſerve thee.

Mont. I am your creature; but how this may inflame
The Duke.

King. 'Tis meant ſo.

Mont. But your ſiſters fame
Were worth your firſt care; this may be done
With more acceſſe of joy when ſhee is righted:
You have beene pleas'd to heare my counſell Sir
And not repented.

King. What would'ſt thou adviſe me?

Mont. The Duke is young and apt to erre; you cannot
Preſerve your hoſpitable Lawes to affront
Him openly, nor will it be thought prudence

To let looſe theſe ſuſpitions to the deſcant
Of peoples tongues; th'aire is dangerous;
Let me ſearch the Dukes boſome, for the ſpring
Of this diſhonour.

King. How?

Mont. Miſtake me not;
Philoberto is his ſecret counſellour,
And the receiver of his thoughts; leave me
To manage this great worke; I have a way
To every angle of his heart; meane time
Be pleas'd to keepe your perſon but retired;
A ſilent diſcontent will fright him more,
And arme us with full knowledge.

King. Wiſe *Montalto*,
I like thy honeſt counſell, and obey it;
But loſe no time. *Exit.*

Mont. It never was more pretious;
My eſſence is concern'd and every minute
Brings a freſh ſeige againſt *Montaltoes* life;
There's none but *Philoberto* conſcious
To my laſt accuſation of the Princeſſe;
Then hee muſt be remov'd; delayes are fatall;
Ile poyſon him to night; I have the way;
This done, the Duke may follow, or be brib'd
With *Domitillaes* perſon to quit *Naples*.

Enter Guido, Aloiſio, Alexio.

Guid. My honour'd Lord.

Mont. *Guido, Aloiſio;*
Why make I this diſtinction y'are but one,
To your *Montalto*, have one heart and faith;
Your love and dilligence muſt now be active.

Guid. You have deſerv'd us.

Alex. Lord of our fortunes.

Guid. Wee are your creatures,
Bound by all Law and conſcience of the court
To ſerve your ends.

Mont. Tis but to waite cloſe,
And contrive excuſes, if the Duke

Desire accesse to the King.

Gui. This all.

Mont. Be carefull

None of his traine nor faction be admitted,
In speciall *Philoberto*; if he appeare,
Present my service, and desire to speake with him;
This is no mighty Province gentlemen,
To waste you much; yet this neglected will
Destroy my tall fate, in whose fall you must
Stoope and be strucken dead with the large ruines.

Gui. Kill us not first by your suspition;
We looke upon you as our destiny;
Prosper as we are faithfull.

Mont. You divide me.

Alex. There is much trouble in his face; how ere
Let us be firme; is not this *Philoberto*.

Enter Riviero.

Riv. My honor'd Lords.

Gui. We are proud to be your servants, *Riv.*
I am yours; where is the Lord *Montalto*.

Alo. New gone from us, and desires to speake with you,
And is gone either to your lodging or the Dukes.

Rivi. I have some affaires with the King, and that
Dispatch'd Ile waite upon him.

Gui. We are confident
You will excuse us; we receiv'd command
That none should interrupt him.

Rivi. I come from the *Duke*.

Alo. His excellence will conster it our duties.

Riv. This was not wont.

Alo. We dare not for disputte
Our masters pleasure.

Gui. Perhaps his confessor is with him.

Rivi. Perhaps there is some cunning may prevent
The businesse of the soule, I may presume
He has no long Catalogue to account for.

Gui. You have not beene of counsell with his conscience;
We doe not use to limit his devotions.

Rivi.

Rivi. Tis pious, and you three by computation
Montaltoes knaves here plac'd, to keepe a way
Discoveries: in spight of all your subtilties,
The king shall know my minde, and understand
The history of your patrons and your service;
Let time speak your reward in your owne chronicles.
Alo. You not forget my Lord *Montalto* has
Desire to speake with him.
Rivi. Tis all my businesse;
Be carefull of your watch and looke about you,
Some Weesell may get in else.
Gui. Does he jeere us?
Alex. Let him; his Embassy is not performd.

Enter Duke, Montalto.

Mont. You doe amaze my understanding Sir
To require I should justifie a tale
Made to the blemish of so chaste a Lady.
Duke. Did not your Lordship tell such a story
To *Philoberto* in my lodgings.
Mont. I dare his malice to affirm it; and tis not
Done like your selfe so fully with one breath
Two fames.
Duke. Shall I not credit my owne eares?
Mont. Deare Sir, collect your selfe, and let not passion
To *Domitilla* whom you may possesse.
Here after make you so unjust.
Duke. Deare *Machiavill*
This will not doe; the King shall know your stratagems.
Mont. Goe threaten babes; this would exalt my rage,
But I remember y'are a guest to *Naples*,
Nor would I grieve the *genius* of my country,
To place my owne revenge above her honour.
Duke. Poore shadow.
Mont. Now. *Drawes a dagger at the Duke, but he*
Twill not be safe; you know your change. *Exit.*
Guid. We are proud to see your excellence in health.
Duke. Where is the King?
Alo. A little busie Sir.

Alex.

Alex. Not yet I thinke, he is at his prayers.
Duke. Ile adde to his Letanie.
Guid. It wo'not needes
I thinke his ghoſtly father can direct him,
With whom he is in private.
Duke. I know not
How to interpret this; I want *Philoberto*. *Exit.*
Enter Octavio.
Octav. Your graces
Servant; he lookes diſpleas'd.
Guid. My Lord *Octavio*.
Octav. Your ſervant Lords.
Guid. You meet the Duke.
Octav. His face ſhewed diſcontent.
Alo. We ſumme our fortunes in *Montaltoes* ſmile,
By whoſe commands we have denyed the Duke
Acceſſe to'th King.
Octav. You have done well; it much
Concernes my Lord; his and all our fate
Depends upon't; continue ſtill your care
And circumſpection, and while I am within
Let none be admitted. *Exit.*
Guid. Let us alone;
A ſpirit may have the device to enter,
But if he have ſo much body as a Gnat
Ile know his errand; whoes this; oh it tis
My Lady *Domitillaes* Secretary.
Enter Bombo.
Bom. Here are ſo many trickes, and turnes, and dores
I'theſe Court lodgings, I have loſt my ſelfe.
Guid. Mr. Secretary.
Bom. Twas you betrayd me to the King, and caus'd
My Ladies to be ſent for, with more cunning
To bring me hither; but alls one, he has
Not ſeene me yet nor ſha'not; which
Is my way out of this labyrinth?
Alo. Why are you ſo unwilling the King ſhould ſee you?
Guid. Or to live in Court; me thinkes this habite

Becomes

Becomes you now; does it not my Lord.
Alex. He lookes like a true *Hero*.
Bom. You are beſide the ſtory Sir; I did reade once
That *Hero* had no upper lip; ſhee was
A Lady of *Leanders* lake.
Guid. A wit? theres a new word; now for the *Helleſpont*,
Heele make a ſubtile courtier.
Bom. It has undone me.
Alo. Vndone thee how?
Bom. I know not whether it be my wit or clothes,
Or diſpoſition of the place, or all
Together, but I am ſure I am in love,
I finde it by the loſing of my ſtomacke;
I am moſt ſtrangely in love.
Guid. With whom?
Bom. I know not.
Aloi. Can you not gueſſe.
Bom. I hope tis with my ſelfe, for I did vow
When my firſt miſtreſſe dyed which was.
Guid. What?
Bom. A dairy maide that we had i'th Countrey,
To love no living woman bove an houre;
Shee was the very creame of all her Sex;
Oft have we churn'd together.
Guid. And drunke healths
In Butter-milke.
Aloi. But doe you hope you are in love with your ſelfe Sir.
Bom. Marry doe I Sir; is that ſo wonderfull at Court.
Guid. You are pleaſant.
Aloi. Lets be rid on him.
Guid. Come you ſhall now ſpeake with the King,
And he ſhall knight thee; more honours may follow.
Bom. You ſhall excuſe me; put your honours
Vpon ſome body elſe.
Guid. Doe you know what tis.
Bom. I have not read of late.
Aloi. But you are much given to hearing,
What is honour.

Bom. Honour a buble is that is ſoone broke,
A Gloworme ſeeming fire, but has no ſmoake.
Aloi. There's fire and water.
Bom. And ſmoake for ayre;
A painted Sun-beame, peece of gilded Chaffe,
And he that truſts leanes to a broken ſtaffe.
Gui. You ſhould have reconcil'd the foure elements
To the conceit; there was fire, aire, water;
Wheres the earth.
Bom. Oh he that leanes to a broken ſtaffe ſhall
Finde that preſently.

Enter King reading a paper, Octavio.

Guid. The King.
Bom. King bee your leave; I vaniſh. *Exit Bombo.*
King. This paper containes wonder; tis not poſſible.
Octa. Vpon my life Sir, *Philoberto* can demonſtate theſe.
King. The Divell has not art
To abuſe us ſo; this will require ſome counſell;

Enter Montalto.

Hee's here,
Montalto; leave us. *Exeunt Lords.*
Mont. Sir your pleaſure.
King. Is all in thee; haſt met with *Philoberto*?
Mont. Not yet.
King. No matter; I have thought upon't,
And doe conclude it beſt to let things paſſe
Yet in a dreame; choiſe and enquiry may
Awake ſuſpition upon innocence.
Mont. You cannot thinke her guilty Sir.
King. I am not
Without ſome feares; I have collected things
Since we conferr'd, that ſtagger my good thoughts.
Mont. Of her you cannot; Sir unthinke agen,
What ever would betray her to your jealouſy;
A Virgins Monument cannot be more chaſte
Ith Temple.
King. Yes, yes; we may be all cozend;
And therefore let her paſſe among things deſperate;

Yet were I cērtaine ſhee were ſpotted thus,
As tis but a young Leproſie upon her,
I could wiſh heartily my Siſter timely
Married, not to the Duke that would betray us,
But to ſome one I know not, who could love
Vs both, ſo well as be that rare friend
And ſave our honours.

Mont. Doe you then ſuſpect her.

King. Oh the Dukes Character had a powerfull ſence;
And who knowes but ſhee may be loſt by one
Not fit to make her reparation;
Could any Nobleman be found in *Naples*
To binde her wound up by ſo great an act
Of ſecrecy and marriage; but ſome winde
May liſten and convey, I know not whether,
What my ſad breath has ſcatter'd in the aire;
Thy Maſter has no ſervant that dares take
One ſorrow from him.

Mont. You are Sir provided
Of more then that can riſe to in my ſervice.

King. Canſt thou be ſo compaſſionate to loſe
Thy hopes of richer beauty, for my ſake?
Darſt thou with all this knowledge hide her ſtaine,
And marry her?

Mont. My duty to your Majeſtie
Shall marry me to death; let not this trouble
The quiet of your heart; Ile take *Theodoſia*,
And thinke upon her as ſhee had the whiteneſſe
Of my good Angell.

King. Th'art a miracle;
Teach me but which way I may reward this love;
Till now I had no poverty; thy worth
Will make me everlaſtingly in debt;
What ſhall I ſay?

Mont. Great Sir, no more; your favours
Flow from a bounty, which hath onely heaven
Above it.

King. They are all trifles; let me ſee,

Is nothing in thy power to make thee finde
My gratitude? how barren are we, wealth,
Honour.

Mont. Ther's nothing good or great you have not
Freely poſſeſt me with; your favours would,
So mighty have they falne upon me, rather
Expreſſe a ſtorme, and I had ſunke beneath
The welcome violence, had not your love
From whence they flowed, inabled me to ſtrength
And manly bearing.

King. I was inprovident
To reſerve nothing, or it was a fault
In thee to be ſo prodigall of merit
In thy paſt ſervices; canſt thou thinke of nothing
Worth my addition.

Mont. Nothing Sir.

King. I have it,
And thanke my better *genius* I have it,
Such a reward *Montalto* that I dare
Be modeſt yet pronounce, never did Prince
Exceede it to his friend.

Mont. Sir you amaze me,
And ſhame my want of merit.

King. In the title,
Let Kings peruſe the benefit and ſtudy
An imitation to their beſt loved creatures;
Th'are great as fortune can invent; Ile teach thee
A way *Montalto*, to know all thy friends
And enemies.

Mont. That were a pretious knowledge,
Were it in nature; with your highneſſe pardon
The hearts of men are not to be meaſured
With what we reach the ſtarres, or fadome Seas;
Oh he thats active in a ſtate has more
Chainde to him by the power and ſtrength of office,
Then genuine reſpect; and 'tis not worth
Or perſon, but the fortunes of a Stateſman
That ſometimes men adore.

King

King. Tis true; and therefore
I am proud in this that I can teach thee looke
Into mens ſoules, to know 'em fit for ſcorne, or
Thy embraces.
Mon. How may this Sir be done?
King. Almoſt 'ith twinckling of an eye too.
Mont. Strange.
King. I ſeeme to frowne upon thee.
Mont. How Sir?
King. Doeſt apprehend me; I will counterfeit
That I am diſpleas'd with thee; doe not miſtake me,
And have it voic'd about the Court, thou art
Confin'd, doeſt marke; at this will all thy enemies
Whoſe hearts thou canſt not ſee, their tongues before
By thy great power ſilenc'd, joyne in faction
Complaine, diſcover their whole ſtocke of malice,
Tickling their ſpleenes, that thou art out of favour,
Whom I ſhall heare and ſmile at; then all thoſe
Whoſe honeſt ſoules deſerve thee, will riſe up,
The champions of thy fame o'th other ſide
And be ſo many Oratours to make
Thy faith and honour ſhine; when this done,
The ſcene is chang'd, I ſend for thee; thou commeſt
With a moſt glorious traine; and then Ile ſmile,
Take thee agen i'th ſight of all, diſcover
Twas but a tricke, thy friends keepe ſtill thy boſome,
And thou in triumph ſhoot'ſt a ſcorne with mine
To ſtrike all envie dumbe; Iſt not a rare one?
I cannot doe enough for thee *Montalto.*
Mont. You have found out a way I muſt confeſſe;
But with your pardon, I ſhall be more able
To do you ſervice in the other ignorance,
Then run a deſperate hazard in this knowledge;
Some hold it ſinne, and capitall enough
To have the Princeſſe favour, which once loſt
Though but in ſuſpition; they may rage,
And like a torrent rife to o'rewhelme nature.
King. Theſe ſha'not wound thee.

Mont. And how other Iudges
May wrest the actions of a man imployed
Though ne're so faithfull to his King and state.
King. I am confident of thy iustice and decree,
Thy triumph in't; thy goodnesse thus conspicuous
Renders thee loved, and fit for *Theodosia*
When she is brightest; the Sunne never smiles
More cherefull upon teeming earth,
Then I to finde thee perfect; for I doe
But seeme displeas'd; come, I will have it so;
If thou dost love me, no dispute, but let me
Pursue my fancie meant to doe thee honour.
Who waites?

Enter Lords.

Now it begins;
Attend my Lord *Montalto* to his Chamber,
Where our will is, he be confin'de untill
Our pleasure further know ne.
Guid. How's this?
Alex. Aloi. Confin'd!
King. No ceremony Sir; when that's done,
We ease you of the trouble too of waiting;
You know the way my Lords to your owne lodgings,
From whence on perill of our anger stirre not
Vntill wee send for you — *Octavio.*
Guid. Doe we not dreame.
Mont. Something wo'd creepe
Like a dead sleepe upon me; I am in
A Labirinth; but hence with coward feare;
I know the worst; grim death can but translate
Me hence, and there's an end of death and fate.

The first Act.

Simphorosa, Theodosia, Domitilla.

Theo. He conforted and counsel'd *Domitilla*;
I have my part in loves affliction.

Sim.

Sim. This I fear'd.

Enter Iacamo.

I muſt acquaint the King; where is your fellow
Bombo? his mirth might now be ſeaſonable.

Iaca. Hee's gone Madam.

Sim. Gone, whither?

Iaca. Backe to the country houſe; he heard of my Lord *Montaltoes* diſgrace, and the feare of his ſupplying
The place of a favorite, ſent him away this morning
With all his moveables; the countrey he ſaies
Is wholeſome, where he will dye without feare or wit when
His time comes; he durſt not ſtay to ſee the King. *Exit Iaca.*

Sim. Would we had ſtill beene ſtrangers to the Court;
Leave us; my daughter is much bound to your grace.

Dom. It is the King you ſpeake of; pray be carefull
You ſpeake all goodneſſe of him, he deſerves it,
And will when I am dead.

Sim. Ile loſe no time. *Exit.*

Theo. I wiſh it proſper.

Dom. I dare not ſay the King diſſembles with me;
That were a fault beyond my love; but ſure
Something he ſaid that made my heart beleeve
He did not meane me for another; and
Montalto, whoſe reward I muſt be thought,
Is now confin'd, and under his diſpleaſure.

Theo. He will have more care of his honour then
To place thee ſo unworthily; *Montalto*
Has plaid the cunning traytour with our loves,
If I may truſt thee noble *Philoberto*
That told me the whole ſtory of his falſehood,
Which I before ſuſpected.

Dom. And if he ſhould diſpiſe me as tis juſtice,
Will heaven be angry if I love him ſtill;
Or will the King call it a treaſon in me?
If hee doe, I can willingly dye for't,
And with my laſt words pray he may live happy;
But why am I this trouble to your grace?
My ſtory is not worth one of your minuts;

Deare

Deare Madam pardon me, and teach me how
To make my time more happy, spent in something
That may concerne your highneſſe; you doe love too.

Enter Iacamo.

Iaca. Madam, the Duke of *Florence*.

Theo. How the Duke?

Dom. Why does he viſite me? Madam indeed
You may beleeve I love him not.

Theo. Admit him
I preethe, and conceale me *Domitilla*;
I know he comes a wooing to thy beauty;
I preethe let me heare the ſecond part:

Dom. I ſhall againſt my owne deſires obey you. *Ex.*

Enter Duke.

Duke. The ambition of my eyes can not be thought
Immodeſt, if they ever wiſh to dwell here;
They have found their light agen; let no misfortune
Be a ſecond cauſe to bury me in darkeneſſe.

Dom. Your graces pardon, if my haſte to attend
The King and his commands made me appeare
Rude when I left your excellence.

Duke. This does more
Then ſatisfie.

Dom. I know not how I may
Stand guilty in your thoughts by keeping a
Rich Caskanet.

Duke. You honor'd me to accept it.

Dom. But with a bluſh I muſt remember too
I did not thanke you; there was want of time
Or manners; I muſt leave it to your mercy,
And would by any duty to your grace
Expiate my errour.

Duke. Madam it is not worth
The mention of this gratitude; Your breath
Makes the oblation rich, and me who am
Encourag'd by your vertue, to preſent you
With ſomething of more valew, then a world
Of theſe poore empty glories; I dare give you

My

My heart Madam.

Dom. Bleſſe your grace from ſuch a meaning.

Duke. Can you be cruell to it?

Dom. I ne're had,
The confidence to looke upon a wound;
And ſuch a bleeding object as your heart
Would fright my ſenſes.

Duke. You are more ingenious
Then not to underſtand that I meane love;
I love you Madam, beſt of all your ſex.

Dom. You cannot Sir, you dare not.

Duke. How?

Dom. You dare not be ſo wicked I am am ſure
When you remember, what you are, a Prince.

Duke. Is it a ſinne for Princes to love Madam?

Dom. Or if you could diſpence with ſo much paſſion
To love me, and durſt give me, what I tremble
To thinke you promiſe, that, that very act
In which you moſt advance affection to me,
Would make me thinke you love me not.

Duke. Be clearer.

Dom. How ſhould I thinke his courtſhip worth my truſt,
And meete him with a reall change of hearts,
Who in his very firſt attempt of love,
Would blaſt my honour, and betray me to
A ſhame, blacke as the tongue of infamy.

Duke. Would I?

Dom. And more;
For you in this
Would tempt me to an act, by which I ſhould
Not onely wound my ſelfe to death of honour,
But make me guilty of anothers blood,
And kill an innocent Lady, whoſe leaſt teare
Is worth a thouſand lives of periurd men
That make a ſcorne of vertue.

Duke. What Lady?

Dom. Have you forgot the Princeſſe Sir?

Duke. The Princeſſe!

Dom. In that name youle finde your ſelfe agen
Loſt in a miſt of paſſions; oh thinke
The fames and hopes of two rich countries are
Engag'd upon your faith; your highneſſe pardon.
I finde ſome bluſhes chide my too much boldneſſe,
And by a nearer view now of your goodneſſe,
I ſee my errour to beleeve you meant,
Other then triall of me, or could fall
To any thought beneath your birth and honour.

Duke. But if *Theodoſia* be made anothers
By her owne gift, and I at large, with what
Juſtice may I be thought then to addreſſe
My paſſions hither.

Dom. If the Princeſſe, which
I muſt not thinke, give your heart backe agen,
And that you could quit all your tyes with honour,
My thoughts are all reſign'd to the Kings will,
He muſt diſpoſe of me, by my owne vow,
Without his free conſent never to marry. *Exit.*

Duke. The King, there tis, I thought thee was his miſtreſſe;
Tis not poſſible the Princeſſe now
Can pardon my neglect; *Montaltoes* practiſe
Vpon me, and his poyſoning of her vertue
Wo'not excuſe my ſhame; I dare not ſee
Whom I have injur'd, *Theodoſia*,
In am reſolv'd, this night He ſteale from *Naples*.

Enter Theodoſia.

Theo. Nay doe not hide your face my Lord; it will
Appeare as freſh and lovely to my eyes,
As when it firſt preſented me your ſmiles;
I am *Theodoſia* ſtill.

Duke. But I have beene.

Theo. Abus'd; time will diſcover to the ruine
Of his owne name, and glory of our loves,
Montaltoes practiſe to divide our ſoules.

Duke. You cannot be ſo merciſull, or elſe
This ſweetneſſe is put on to enlarge my guilt,
When we are both compar'd; dare you beleeve

I can repent and be reveng'd.

Theo. Vpon whom?

Duke. Vpon my selfe, for suffering my eyes
To wander from this sweetnesse?

Theo. You outdoe
The satisfaction; if your grace can finde
Me grow agen within your heart, where first
My love desired to plant.

Duke. Oh let me drowne
My blushes in this overflow of charity;
But there's an act that justice calls me to,
Before I can be worthy of this peace.
Montalto has plaid the villaine; now I finde it,
And from his treacherous heart my sword must force
A bloody satisfaction for thy honour,
Poyson'd by him.

Theo. Stay that revenge; shame has
Already sunke him. *Enter a Courtier.*

Court. Sir the King desires
Some conference with your grace, and with you Madam.

Theo. I shall attend you Sir; we shall present
Together, thus no object to displease him.

Duke. Though I shall blush to see him, Ile waite on you.

Exeunt.

Enter King, Riviero, Andrugio, Petitioners.

King. Good heaven, upon what humane bosome shall
We that are made your substitutes on earth
Place secure confidence? and yet there may
Be malice in complaints; the flourishing Oake
For his extent of Branches, stature, growth,
The darling and the Idoll of the wood,
Whose awefull nod the under trees adore,
Shooke by a tempest, and throwne downe must needs
Submit his curled head and full growne limbes,
To every common Axe, be patient, while
The tortures put to every joynt, the Sawes
And engines, making with their very noyse
The Forrests groane and tremble; but not one

When it was in his ſtrength and ſtate revil'd it,
Whom poverty of ſoule, and envy ſends
To gather ſtickes from the trees wiſh'd for ruine,
The great mans Embleme; I did love *Montalto*,
And wod not have him loſt if juſtice would
Conſent, and be a little of his ſide;
But here are the two plummets weigh him downe;
His impious practice on the Duke, and baſe
Aſpertions on our ſiſter that defame
Our whole blood, is a loud, loud accuſation.
Rivi. His conſcience dares not Sir deny't.
King. And you
Speake here the tragicke ſtory of *Riviero*,
Whoſe honeſt ſoule for not complying with
His power and ends, choſe in a diſcontent
To make himſelfe an exile, yee purſude,
And by the practiſe of *Montalto* poyſon'd
At Rome.
Andr. This letter ſent to *Alvarez*,
Whoſe treacherous Phyſicke purg'd his ſoule away,
Is too much teſtimony.
King. Tis his Character.

Enter Octavio.

Octavio you come for juſtice too.
Octav. It were a vaine breath to deſire it Sir;
Your thoughts are ſtill ſo conſcious of vertue,
They will prevent petition.
King. Come nearer.
Rivi. The King is troubled.
Andr. Where he loved to finde
So much ingratitude.
King. *Andrugio*.
Rivi. Things are not yet mature for my diſcovery.
King. You obſerve —away— *Exit Andr. Octav.*
We may be juſt *Philoberto*,
Yet not deſtroy another attribute,
Which ſhewes whoſe repreſentative we are;
Mercy becomes a King, too much can be

But thought a ſinne on the right hand; we are
Reſolv'd. *Enter Simphoroſa.*
Madam you are welcome.
Rivi. I begin
To feare there is ſome ſpell upon the King;
If after this *Montalto* ſhall prevaile,
Let innocence be ſtronger to the world,
And heaven be afraid to puniſh vice.
King. Remove
For a few minuts.
Rivi. I obey.
King. You tell me wonders Madam; las poore Lady,
I ſhall then have enough to reconcile;
Shee was too haſty to interpret me.
Her lover.
Sim. If you Sir apply no cure,
The fond impreſſion may I feare indanger
Her ſence and life; I urg'd *Montalto* Sir
By your command, before his change of fortune,
But ſhee tooke no delight to heare him namde.
King. No, no, nor I; good heaven how I am troubled
How to repaire this pretty peece of innocence,
Whom I have brought into a waking dreame
Of paſſion; ſomething I muſt doe; pray tell me,
But tell me truth; I charge thee by thy duty
To me, to *Naples*, and to heaven, or if
There be in womans faith, or thy Religion.
Any thing elſe to make it up a full
And perfect conjuration.
Sim. You fright me;
Without theſe not a thought within my heart
But you have power to ſummon.
King. Tell me then,
Is *Dimitilla* vertuous?
Sim. How Sir?
King. Is ſhee exceeding vertuous; is ſhee moſt
Divinely chaſt; can ſhee doe more then bluſh
At wanton ſounds; will ſhee be very angry

At an immodeſt offer, and be frighted
To heare it nam'd; tell me; does ſhee pray
And weepe, and wod be torne upon the racke
Ere ſhee conſent to ſtaine one virgin thought?
Or dares ſhee more then *Lucrece* kill her ſelfe
To ſave her honour, or doe ſomething more
Miraculouſly then all this to preſerve
Her white name to poſterity.

Sim. I know not
How to reply to theſe particulars;
But if your meaning be to have me ſpeake
Truth of her modeſt and pure thoughts, ſhee is
All that her mother can beſeech of heaven
To bleſſe a childe with of ſo chaſt a ſoule,
And vertuous ſimplicity.

King. No more;
I doe beleeve, and will finde out a way
To make her ſatisfaction; 'tis juſt;
Say I deſire her preſence.

Sim. Now you bleſſe us;
A widdowes prayers and teares for this great bounty. *Exit.*

Enter Riviero.

Rivi. Your ſiſter and the Duke Sir.

King. There's new trouble.

Rivi. Never ſo lovingly united;
The pleaſant language of their eyes and geſtures
Doth ſpeake their hearts at peace.

King. That would rejoyce me.

Enter Duke, Theodoſia.

Theo. Take us to your love;
All jealouſies are baniſh'd, and we both
Breath from one ſoule.

King. My wonder and my joy.

Duke. Your pardon.

King. Take my boſome.

Theo. The misfortune
Kept us at diſtance, was your creatures act.

King. The clouds are now remov'd.

Rivi.

Rivi. Lord *Montalto*, Sir.
King. Let Musicke speake
His deare approach, we sent for him.
Rivi. How's this?
King. Let me intreate you to obscure your persons
A while. *Exit Duke, Theodosia.*
Lond Musicke — Enter Guido, Aleisio, Alexio, Andrugio, Octavio, Montalto.
King. My Lord y'are welcome to us, very welcome.
We have kept our word, and finde you have not lost
Your confidence; what a brave armour is
An innocent soule? How like a rocke it bids
Defiance to a storme, against whose ribbes
The insolent waves, but dash themselves in peeces,
And fall and hide their heads in passionate foame;
How would a guilty person tremble now,
Looke pale, and with his eyes chain'd to the ground,
Betray his feare of justice.
Mont. Where should honour
Shine with his pure and native lustre but
Where there is such a King, so good, so great,
The example and reward, he must be
A rebell twice, so vertue that can live
To be convicted of a dishonour neare
Such an instructive goodnesse.
King. Where be all his fierce accusers?
Call 'em to his presence,
Whom all their envies would destroy.
Rivi. So, so,
The King is charm'd.
Octav. They are gone upon the full.
Newes of my Lords removall, they vanish'd Sir.
Mont. So may all treason fly the brow of innocence!
King. Tis well said; but they shall not fly their names;
Reade there just so our thoughts, they apprehended
Thee lost in our displeasure (whereas our sister)
And now they came to be reveng'd *Montalto*,
Upon our favours.

Guid. Right, and please your grace.

King. Theres something may concerne your want of grace
Andrugio, Philoberto. *Gives them papers.*

Mont. We are undone *Guido*, and I see more
Engines are leveld at my fate.

Rivi. The King would have your Lordship peruse this.

Andr. And these.

Rivi. That you may know your friends and enemies.

Mont. Lost, lost for ever.

Rivi. Sir you know
You have obliged the Princesse *Theodosia*
And the Duke to you, and you may presume
To use their favours, they are here.

Enter Duke, Theodosia.

Mont. Twere better
For me they had no beeing. I did never
Expect this; to accuse me for the death
Of *Riviero*; but I must obey
This fatall revolution.

King. Why does *Montalto* kneele.

Mont. I dare not aske your pardon,
Onely I beg you would put on a brow
Rough as the cause you have to make it frowne,
And that may strike me dead without more torment.

King. Ingratefull man! am I rewarded thus,
Not onely with my faith abus'd and subjects,
But wounding all our honours.

Theo. Let him finde your mercy Sir
For his offence to me.

Enter Simphorosa, Domitilla.

King. I must not, dare not pardon; twere a sinne
In me of violence to heaven and justice.

Mont. You have beene a Royall Master.

King. Take him hence;
His life will draw a scorne upon the Kingdome;
Expect the censure of our lawes you gentlemen,
We onely banish from the court.

Gui. Aloi. Alex. You are mercifull.

King.

King. Pray and be honeſt.
Rivi. That laſt will be the greateſt penance to't euer.
King. My paſſion would be ſtrong but here is one
Come to divert the ſtreame; how is it with
My pretty *Domitilla*; you and I
May change ſome words in private.
Octav. The King is juſt, and tis within your ſilence
To make *Montalto* nothing.
Rivi. Hee will ſinke
Apace without that weight upon him; malice
Shall have no ſhare in my revenge.
King. And ſince *Montalto*
Is become incapable,
I wo'not marry thee; thats a thing too common;
But thou ſhalt be my miſtreſſe, a preferment
Above my firſt intention; be wiſe
And entertaine it; oh the dayes and nights
Weele ſpend together.
Octav. The King's very pleaſant
With *Domitilla.*
King. Come kiſſe me
Domitilla; kiſſe me now
Before all theſe; what needs this modeſty;
Come let us take in one another's ſoule.
Dom. Are you the King of *Naples.*
King. So they call me,
And if there be a power within that name
It ſhall be thine to make thee glorious,
And great above our Queene; there is no title
Like unto that our heate and blood creates
A miſtreſſe *Domitilla.*
Dom. Are you Sir in earneſt?
King. Doe but thou conſent, and I
Will give thee ſuch a proofe in my embraces
Of the delight; they will not follow us;
Ile tell thee more i'th bed-chamber.
Dom. I dare
Not underſtand this language; can the King

Be impious; how was my opinion cozen'd
Sinne hath deform'd his very shapes; his voyce
Hath now no harmony.
King. This is but to draw
More courtship from me.
Dom. Pardon I beseech you;
I have found my errour.
King. Will shee yeeld?
Dom. I did consent
Too soone to my captivity,
Though modesty would not allow me strength
To tell you so; but you have Sir, by what
My fond thoughts never did expect, reliev'd me,
to make me know my selfe; and now preserving
That duty which I owe you as my King,
I call love backe agen, and can looke on
Your lusts with a becomming scorne.
King. You can.
Dom. Yes, and were *Naples*, *Rome*, and all the wealth
Of *Italy* laid downe, the great temptation,
Thus I would spurne their glories.
King. Come this is but the tricke of all your sex;
We know you can dissemble appetite,
As if you were not flesh and blood.
Dom. Sir give
Me leave to goe while I have power to pray for you;
Where was I lost? is there no friend to goodnesse;
Have I contracted such a leprous forme
That I have lost all mens defence and charity.
Octav. Madam your innocence doth raise in me,
Though young, a willing champion, and with
My safe obedience to the King, I dare,
Armde with the witnesse of her cause, defie
The greatest souldier in the world.
King. How's this?
Octav. Sir, in a noble cause, if you to whom
In the first place truth flies as to an Altar,
Wave her religious defence, I dare dye for her.

King. You ſo brave? to priſon with him;
We will correct your ſaucineſſe.
Octav. You will grace
My firſt act Sir, and get me fame by ſuffering
For ſo much ſweetneſſe.
Dom. Let not your diſpleaſure
Great Sir fall upon him; revenge what you
Call diſobedience here.
King. You owe much to
His confidence; nor is there any puniſhment
Beyond your love and liking of his boldneſſe;
You two ſhould make a marriage with your follies.
Octav. Let *Domitilla* make *Octavio*
So bleſt.
Dom. My Lord you now deſerve I ſhould
Be yours, whom with the hazard of the Kings
Anger, and your owne life you have defended;
There is a ſpring of honour here, and to it
Wth preſence of the King, his Court and Heaven,
I dare now give my heart; nor is't without
My duty to a promiſe.
Octav. Now you make
Octavio happy.
King. Tis to my deſires,
And I dare wiſh you joyes; forgive this practiſe;
May preety *Domitilla* I did this
But to divert more happily thy thoughts
Of me, who have not paide yet the full tribute
To my *Ceſarias* duſt; agen let me
Congratulate thy choiſe in young *Octavio*,
Whoſe birth and forward vertue will deſerve thee;
Mother and ſiſter love, and wiſh them happineſſe.
Theo. May all joyes ſpring within their hearts.
Duke. I muſt preſent this gentleman to be more knowne
Octav. I hope you are no enemy to this bleſſing. (to you.
Sim. I adde what doth become a moſt glad mother,
A bleſſing to your loves.
King. Noble *Riviero*.

Rivi. I live agen by your acknowledgment.

Duke. Sir you may truſt my teſtimony; *Alvarez*
Letter is now an argument of his ſafety,
Who is yet living to increaſe the guilt
Of falſe *Montalto.*

King. Welcome; tis thy life
That hath revers'd *Montaltoes* doome, whoſe ſentence
Now ſhall bee onely baniſhment; our hearts
Are full and ſprightly; nothing wants but to
Perfect with holy ceremony, what
Your hearts have ſeal'd; mirth in each boſome flowes,
Diſtraction never had ſo ſweet a cloſe.

FINIS.

THE EPILOGVE.

As it vvas ſpoken to the Lord Deputie on Newyeares-day at night, by way of vote, congratulating the New yeare.

OVr Poet doth forget his Play;
There is ſomething he would pay
Due to your greatneſſe, and the day
Which by a revolution of the ſpheare
Is proud to open the New yeare.
And having look'd on you, hath hid his face,
And Chang'd his robe with Starres to grace
And light you going to bed, ſo waite
With trembling Luſtre on your ſtate.

Shine brighter yet, y'are not the ſame
Cleare Lampes you were, ſhine like the name
Of him I bow too, while a flame
Active, and burning here with pure deſires
Shall equall the beſt borrowed fires.
May health, the boſomes friend, ſtreame through your blood,
And know no ebbe of the chaſt flood,
And though time ſhift, and yeares renew,
May yet the Spring be ſtill in you.

The Epilogue.

May She, whom heaven hath sweetly grac'd
And in your noble bosome plac'd,
Whose heart by onely yours embrac'd,
Hath made one true, and holy Gordian, prove
Fruitfull in Children, as in love.
And may this faire Top-branch, whose early bloome
Doth promise all the fruit can come
To vertue, and your name be blest,
And live a story to the rest.

All Honour with your fame increase,
In your bosome dwell soft peace,
And Iustice, the true roote of these;
Wealth be the worst, and outside of your fate;
And may not heaven your life translate,
Till for your Royall Master, and this Ile,
Your deeds have fild a Chronicle;
In all thats great, and good, be bold,
And every yeare be coppie of the old.

FINIS.